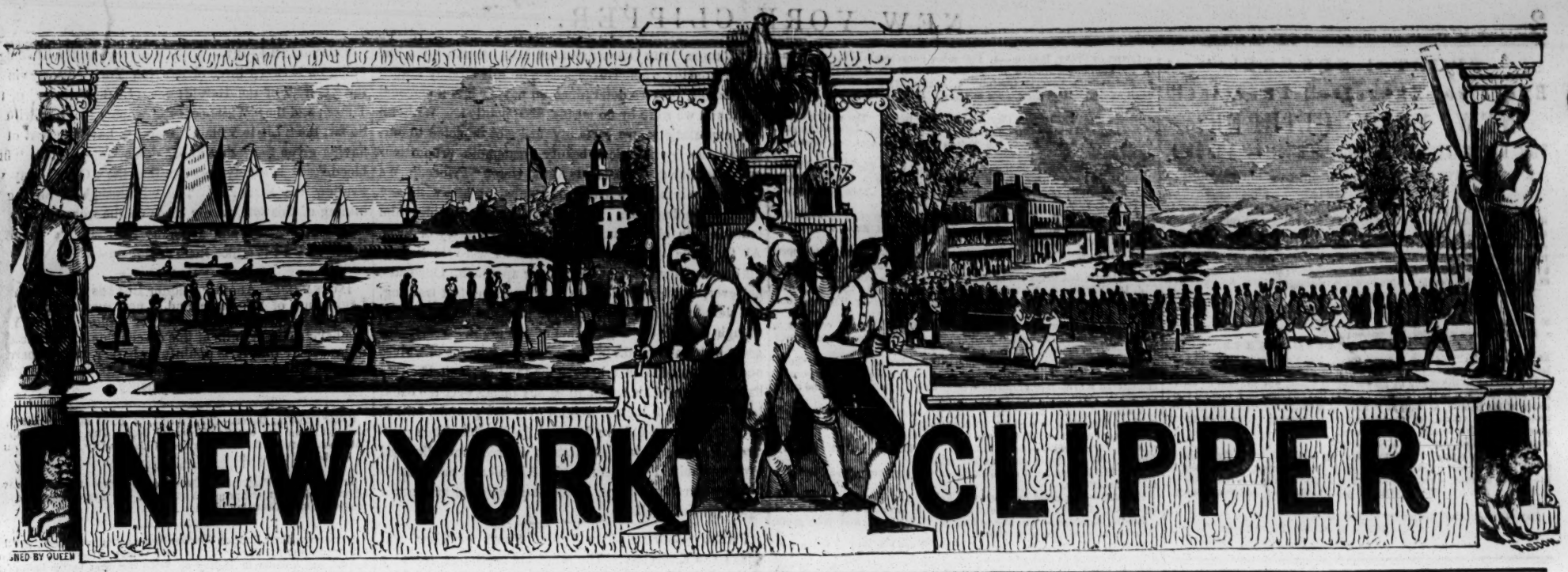

Vol. V.—No. 1. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1857. Four Cents.

THE LIGHTNING ARM;

OR,

THE OLD HAG OF THE PIVE POINTS.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY T. HAMILTON VANANDA.

Author of "Lel Maynard," "The Regalia," "Aline," etc., etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

LEAVING HOME.

"So you're determined to go away, and leave the farm, Carl; well, I did expect you to stay with the old man, until his bones were gathered in the old grave-yard on the pine-hill, and then take care of the farm yourself, but I guess it cannot be—it cannot be. Well, I don't know but what its right—I like to see young men have their way—if they only go the right way—the right way, Carl."

The speaker was an old man, his hair gray and thin, from the frost and winds of some seventy winters. His frame, though feeble and tremalous, was still straight and military in its bearing, and his countenance possessed an open, benevolent expression, which was an unmistakable index to his generous heart.

The young man whom he addressed was a tall, manly youth of perhaps twenty-two, with unusual symmetry of form and limbs, manifesting extraordinary physical power, and a face of open frankness and generous tone, which would be a passport to any heart.

The relation of the two was that of father and son, Major Henderson had taken an active part in the troublous times of 1812–14, and won, by his bravery, the commission of Major in the regiment in which he served. At the war he retired upon a small farm in the western part of the State of New York—the legacy of his father—where he lived for some years, satisfied with the honors of the past deeds. He did not marry until after he had passed the meridian of life, and Carl Henderson, the young man who now stood before him was the result of the union. His wife had long been gathered among the "great caravan that moves to the mysterious bourne," and Carl was now the old man's only support. Yet Major Henderson knew something of the world; he understood the force of youthful aspirations, and well knew the continued discontent of the heart, when unsatisfied in its truest longings, and resolved to sacrifice his own happiness for the future welfare of his son.

"Pardon me, father," said Carl, in a deferential tone, "if I am wrong in my desire, but it is a strong inclination of my heart, and I fear I should not be happy if I remained here in the country. My nature is strong and impulsive, and my disposition adventurous; if I be deprived of that experience which is necessary to tame and soften both, I fear my life may be a succession of blunders."

"You think rightly, Carl," said the Major, with a glance of pride at his son's philosophical reasons, "and it is for this very reason that I have determined to gratify your wish. The position offered by my brother, is one that will give you every opportunity for advancement. It may be well, however, my son, to give you a little advice and warning. You uncle Wildred, was, in youth, a wild boy, and engaged in many excesses; and although in latter years, he has become a great business man, and amassed considerable wealth, yet our intercourse has been so limited, that I know nothing of his present character. Seed sown in youth, Carl, often bring their fruit in later years, and I trust, boy, that in all exigencies, and under all circumstances, you will not forget the principle I have endeavored to teach you."

"I shall endeavor, father, to prove myself worthy of the careful watchfulness with which you have tried to form my character," said Carl with mingled reverence and pride. "But as I leave to-morrow, I must go up to the village and bid my friends farewell. I will return early, so that we can talk over the matter before retiring."

So saying, Carl left the old man sitting upon the porch of the farm-house, and striding across the lawn, wended his way to the village. Carl was a favorite, as was natural, with both old and young in the community. The old admired his steady, manly habits, prophesying a bright future for his career, while the young were proud of him as a companion, possessing, as he did, every congenial quality of nature and temperament.

It was with no idle mockery then, that many a sigh of sorrow swelled from the lips of those gathered at the village inn, when, on the evening upon which our story commences, Carl entered and announced his determination to leave.

"It 'll be dull times in the village when you're gone, Mister Carl," said Billy Stokes.

"No more merry times at the huskings, and the village parties," sighed Frank Jenkins.

"What 'll your father do without you?" asked farmer Grimes, who had come to the village for his daily jug of Monongahela.

"I sincerely regret your depature, Carl," said Charles Benson, his intimate friend.

"O, my friends, you will soon forget me, or at least—I do not desire to be forgotten—you will soon fill up my little void, with some other attraction. But, for the sake of "Auld Lang Syne," let us have a few rounds of punch. Come, neighbor Mapleton, what is the best you have?"

The landlord set out his best, for he, with the rest, loved Carl, and he determined not to be behind the rest, in his manifestation of friendship for our hero. Indeed, after several rounds, the hero found the "smiles paid for," without any diminution in his purse, and if he had left the company have its way, he would have spent nothing. When the clock had struck ten before Carl could bid adieu to his friends, and when he left the inn his brain was the clearer for what he had drank. His mysticism, however, did not amount to intoxication, and the bright moonlight playing on the hills, and casting shadows half-way over the plains, called up a spirit of reverie which held him on the hills, on the verge of the town, to take a last look of the place in which his life had passed away, in happiness and peace.

He stood for some five minutes, gazing back on the village, when a harsh, woman's voice, was heard behind him.

"You are going to leave the village, then, Carl Henderson; you are going into the city, to seek your fortune. It will be a strange one, young man, and you will regret the day you left your father's roof."

Carl turned, and beheld at his side, an old hag, who for two or three years, had lived in an old cabin on the common. He remembered some vague rumors in the village, about the mysterious manner of her living, and had once engaged in a foolish evening's entertainment of serenading the old woman, with a company of horns and horse-fiddles. He knew it to be a common thing for the school-boys to throw stones on the house-roof, and the old woman occupied in his mind, the position of a poor half-crazed creature, to whom he would never render harm, but at whose expense he could appreciate and enjoy fun. He turned on her, therefore, with rather a reckless air, and said:

"What are you grumbling about, Nan? What have you to do with my leaving the village?"

"Much more than you think, perhaps, young man," said the old hag, in a significant tone, as she leaned forward on her staff, her thin face, pointed nose, and wrinkled features presenting a most hideous aspect. "Much more than you think, young man! Nan Triplet sees things which such as you wont believe, but it will be sure to over-take you. You will know more of Nan Triplet before you die!"

"Why woman, what do you mean?" said Carl, imperiously, half confused by the liquor he had drank. "What have you to do with me, I should like to know, and why should we meet again?"

"You forget," said the old hag with a significant leer, "how you have tormented the old woman in her quiet home, and mocked at her infirmities. It was all done in a joke, I know, Carl Henderson, but for that joke I shall yet stand over you, when you are in peril and in danger, and laugh at your calamity!"

"What mean you?" said Carl, with evident excitement, as the woman moved slowly away.

"The mysteries of the future will be revealed only in the future!" exclaimed the hag, as she moved slowly away—but remember, Carl Henderson! we shall meet again!"

Carl stood upon the summit of the hill, watching the retreating figure of the old woman, who passed slowly from view behind the distant cottages, still looking back, and lifting her right hand in an attitude of warning. The shadows of the wood near by, added a solemnity to the scene, which even the moonlight floating over failed to dissipate!

Carl watched the figure of the old woman until it had disappeared, and then passing his hand over his brow, as though to dispel the influence of a dream, he muttered aloud, as he proceeded on his way!

"What can the old hag mean, by her strange prophesies? I have never harmed her, and she can have no revenge to wreak?"

Carl Henderson was no coward, and yet the words of the old woman troubled him. He was about to start out upon an important enterprise of life—about to slip the mooring line from the harbor of home, and launch his life-bark upon the treacherous sea of fickle fortune. The prophesy of Nan Triplet, mysterious and evil as she seemed, rose upon the horizon of his mental vision, like a cloud in the distance which portended a coming storm. It was an ominous shadow on his heart, which made him gloomy and sad, and darkened the prospect, which had hitherto been bright and gorgeous.

Major Henderson mistook the ominous gloom of his son, for a natural sorrow at leaving home, and the interview, after Carl's return home, was brief and pointed. Carl retired to his room, and endeavored to lose his sudden portentious gloom in sleep, but his dreams were startling and sad, and he arose in the morning but little refreshed in body or mind.

He hastened his adieux with his father and friends, and, as the cars to the City passed at an early hour, he was soon out of sight of home and friends, bound upon his new project of life. And seated in the cars, Carl retired, as it were, within himself, and thought of the past and the future. He dreamed over again, the calm, peaceful life he had spent beneath the roof-tree at home, its happy associations and cheering remembrances. He recalled the school-house and the play-ground of his youth, the cheerful pastime and friendships of his latter years. Then he turned from the past and all its halcyon glories, and looking into the dim vista of the future, endeavored to descry the fortunes in store for him, in the great metropolis, to which he was destined. And thus he wiled the hours away, peopling the air castles of his fancy with strange adventures and interesting events, until he woke to the reality of the present, by a glimpse through the window, at the rising spires and extended roofing of the great City.

CHAPTER II.

ON THE STROLL.

Carl received a warm welcome from his Uncle, Wildred Henderson, who was a wealthy dry goods merchant, in the wholesale trade. He needed a confidential clerk, and knowing the high, moral character of his brother, he did not doubt that his son would prove trust-worthy and honest. Besides, he had heard many good reports of Carl, and when he expressed a desire to come to the city, and addressed a letter to his uncle, whom he had never seen, to that effect, Wildred Henderson immediately replied to his nephew, that he had an excellent situation for him in his own establishment. There was one greater cause for this generosity, however. Wildred Henderson had been estranged from his brother for more than half his life. His early excessess and libidinous character had, on one occasion, incurred the major's severe animadversion. A quarrel ensued, and the estrangement had continued until this day. But as years grew a-pace, and the blood cooled in his veins, and his mind had settled into the quiet sobriety of commercial business, and calm reflection, he not only forgot his enmity towards his brother but felt a desire to heal the breach between them. He readily seized upon Carl as the medium by which this desire could be consummated, and a frank letter with kind inquiries about the major, was sufficient to bring that amiable gentleman to terms.

Nothing could have exceeded the gratification of Wildred Henderson, when he looked into his frank, handsome face, and read Carl's character at a glance. It was a face once seen, always remembered. If he felt confidence in the simple teachings of the father, and the vague reports from Carl's friends, he was doubly satisfied, by the manly appearance and gentlemanly address of his nephew, as he stood before him, in the parlor of his aristocratic mansion.

It was with pride that he rang for his daughter, that he might introduce her to her cousin.

"I'm glad to see you such a hale, manly fellow, Carl," said his uncle, cheerfully, "you are as true a representative of your father, as he was at your age; only you are more handsome, my boy; egad, I'll introduce you to all the belles of the *ton*; and if you are not soon a lion among them, then I am mistaken in your metal. But here comes your cousin."

And before Carl could recover from the confusion occasioned by his uncle's compliments, he found himself in the presence of a lovely girl of eighteen, whose dark eyes were fixed upon him with an inquiring glance, as though deciding his character, and the manner in which she was to treat him. She was something over the medium height, with a splendid bust, and round, luxurious frame, curving with most exquisite contour. Her featutes were regular and classic, with a slight fullness of lips and brows, and a liquid haze in her large round eyes, which gave a slight sensual tone to her beauty. This impression was increased by her breadth of forehead, and the exuberance of her raven hair, which fell in large glossy tresses round her face and neck, forming a splendid framework for her countenance.

"This is your Cousin Alice, Carl," said the merchant, gaily, "I trust you shall be warm friends. You will excuse me, for the present, Carl, as I have some business to attend to. Alice will entertain you until dinner, after which, we will take a ride around the city."

Carl had stepped forward, and extended his hand with his usual frankness, which Alice took as freely, evidently pleased with his genial manners and handsome face. Excusing his uncle, he led her to the sofa and becoming seated, entered into an agreeable conversation, which not only astonished Alice as to its correctness but its wit and grace as well. City belles have usually boorish visions about "country cousins," and Alice, though possessing a good heart, was not without her prejudice. It was soon dissipated, however, before the genial manners of Carl, and after an hour's conversation, they were not only excellent friends, but great admirers of each other.

Carl had never seen a woman so dazzingly beautiful as his cousin. Robed as she was in a rare dress of purple moire antique, which harmonised with her healthy and luxuriant beauty, she seemed a royal queen beside the rustic damsels with whom his early associations had been spent. His mind, too, elevated in its tone, by general reading, and keen perception, was susceptible to the radiant influence of so brilliant a creature. He soon found himself her devoted admirer, and had he read his heart, he would have descried, like a rising sun, the early dawn of love.

The hours flew quickly by to the twain, and Carl was astonished, when dinner was announced. It was during the meal, that Carl had an opportunity to study the physiognomy of his uncle. He was astonished at the similarity of features in father and daughter. Wildred Henderson, in youth, had been, what might be termed, classically handsome. In age, the chastely formed features retained the impress of youth. If a few wrinkles marked the surface, they did not destroy the outline. There was the same voluptuous curve of the lip, the same liquid sensation in the eye, and the same etherial contour in the aquiline nose. He saw the voluptuary in his uncle, and regretted that he was so striking a prototype of his daughter.

The ride proved a pleasant event to Carl, and his fair cousin grew upon his favor with such alarming rapidity, that when evening brought a visitor, in the form of Signor Gonsalvo, a Spaniard, who made high pretenses to Alice's hand, he felt very much disposed to pitch him qut of the window. The dislike seemed to be mutual, for the Spaniard's jealousy was aroused by the familiarity of Carl, and he left with evident chagrin at an early hour.

Carl entered upon his duties in the counting-house with that energy which a healthy mind, and sober habits inspire, and gave ready satisfaction to his employer. A few weeks soon passed away, and found him fully initiated in the business, and he began to reflect upon his experience, that from his impressions of city life he might decide upon his course of future recreation and amusement. He had no desire to become a votary of fashionable society. He had already seen, by the flattering aid of his Cousin Alice, upon what a shallow basis rests the fulcrum of fashionable aristocracy; and a brief acquaintance with the giddy fools and vainful butterflies, that go to make up its circles, soon disgusted him with its atmosphere. There was considerable romance incorporated in his nature, and vain of his manliness, fond of adventure, and conscious of his superior advantages, he resolved to lay out an original course for himself, and satisfy the cravings of his nature, however unpopular it might be. Quite apropos to this determination was the appearance of a placard, announcing, as an early event, an exhibition in the manly art of self-defence. Carl had always been fond of manly sports, and had ever been the champion in the village, in wrestling, jumping, boxing, &c., and he at once resolved to attend the exhibition; and, if not disgusted at first acquaintance, with the class, to learn himself the science: not as a profession, but for its physical advantages.

We deem it almost needless to write the suggestions that here intrude upon us. But as Carl, like all the other young men in obscure towns, and under what is termed "moral influence," had his misgivings about the propriety of the step he was taking, it may be well to drop a passing remark. The prejudice existing against boxing and like amusements, is precisely like that preferred against theatres, and peculiar to the same class of persons. They are both founded in ignorance, and spring from the foul loam of bigotry. As it is the man who seldom, if ever attended a theatre, that decries the immorality of the stage, so is it the dull and sickly who feel not the advantages of mature manhood, who animadverts, in classical phrase, and poetic periods, the noble advantages of physical developement, as gained only by the practice and patronage of our sporting amusements.

The first are wiser than Luther and Melancthon, who favored theatres, or even Paul, who quotes dramatic authors; the latter are more Christian than Peter Cartwrite and George Rozzell, or even Paul—who once, we are told, indulged in a grand gladiatorial combat in the sporting arena of Ephesus. We contend there is a magic tie of friendship which binds this class of men together for good, keeping them, in many instances, from the worst paths of evil and vice. The art itself, is one possessing moral, no less than physical advantages. It is as often a shield to the innocent, as a stumbling block to the aggressor, and instead of making a man a bully, awakens in him a pride of manhood, which seldom allows him to attack the weak and unoffending.

If Carl's thoughts were not precisely of this kind, they were of a character to justify himself in the step he was about to take. And with no little curiosity, not to say excitement, he wended his way to Kerrigan's Saloon, and mingled with the motley crowd assembled to witness the performance. He was in advance of time, and therefore took his leisure to examine the countenances of those around. He was at once impressed with the foreign aspect of the fraternity, the most of those present being either English or Irish—the nations among whom the art is most patronized and practiced—although there was also a fair sprinkling of Americans. Seated beside Carl, were two young men; one of about his own age, and the other a few years his senior; both of whom he easily recognized as Americans, and whose dress and appearance indicated a social position equal to his own. But what was his surprise, when he heard the younger of the two address his companion by the name of Tom Morton—an assumed name, reader—which revealed to him the fact, that he was in the presence of a man who had fought the most notorious prize fight ever recorded in sporting circles, resulting in the most complete victory, and winning the largest stake ever hazarded within the ropes. His fame was world-wide, and Carl sat surveying his fine manly proportions with a degree of congenial pride, as he listened to the conversation of the twain. Their topic was the coming conflict between Yankee Sullivan and John Morrisey, the first stake of which had just been deposited, and the matter was now the principal theme of discussion in sporting circles. Morton expressed his warm and positive belief that Sullivan would be the victor, while his companion, John Donnelly, a young amateur, in the profession, held an opposite opinion, avowing that the result of Sullivan's last fight had doubtless daunted his courage.

Carl ventured to join in the conversation, and finding it agreeable, he modestly offered an introduction, and received a like confidence in return. After some common-places, he confessed his desire to learn the science of boxing, when Donnelly offered to introduce him to his own Tutor, as perhaps the most congenial person in the profession, to one of Carl's apparent station. Carl thanked him kindly, and at this moment, two combatants stepped upon the stage, the "tumult dwindled to a calm," and the performance commenced.—[To be continued.

SPORTS! SPORTS!

Exercise! Exercise!! Exercise!!!

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Day of publication, Thursday of each week.

QUEEN & JONES, PROPRIETORS,
No. 30 Ann street, New York.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1857.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DEDHAM, Boston.—*Bluff.*—"1. Please give the relative value of the cards in this game. 2. Can a player come in after passing?" For the edification of yourself and others, we give the following extracts from the laws of the game appertaining to your questions: VALUE OF CARDS.—*One Pair.*—Two cards of any color being of equal value—thus, two deuces the lowest pair, two aces the highest single pair. *Two Pair* is the next in value to a single pair of aces, deuces and trays being the lowest, kings and aces the highest two pair. *Three*, of equal value, rank next to the two highest pair; three deuces beat aces and kings. *A Flush*, or five cards of the same suit, then follows, beating three aces; should two flushes come together, it is decided by the one having the highest cards. *Full Hand*, consists of three of equal value, and one single pair—thus, three deuces and two trays beat a flush. *Four* of equal value is the last combination. Deuces, four of which beat a full, and rank next in value. The only two certain winning hands are four kings with an ace, and four aces; the fortunate holder of either of these can rest easy in regard to a certainty of getting whatever amount he should stake, together with his adversary's. Should two or more hands come together of equal value in pairs, the better hand is decided by the highest side cards. *Pass.*—The person on the left of the dealer having the first privilege either to put a certain sum in the pool or pass his hand, and so on in rotation to the dealer, should all decline betting, the hands are thrown up, making a double head, the one on the left taking the deal.

J. H. N. Y.—"You will oblige by informing me whether Jackson ran 10 miles in 51 min. 34 sec., in this country; if he did not, the credit of having run 10 miles in the quickest time should be awarded to Levett, viz: 51 min. 45 sec., when he defeated Jackson for the Champion's belt, at Copenhagen Grounds, in October, 1852. You will find the above statement authenticated by referring to answers to correspondents in *Bell's Life*, three or four weeks back, to the above initials." At the time Jackson is said to have made the above time, the CLIPPER was not in existence. We have in our possession, however, a report of that race, copied from a London paper, in which the ten-mile race referred to is said to have been won by Jackson in 51 min. 34 seconds. *Bell's Life* is not infallible. Until within a few months, that journal stated almost weekly, in answers to correspondents, that Westhall had ran a mile in 4 min. 28 seconds. Recently, however, it stated that such a performance never took place in the time stated. Which are we to believe? Our "big brother" across the water is not always correct, and in the absence of other proof, we hold to it that Jackson is still at the head of the list in running ten miles. If some of our friends who witnessed the race in question will give us their "experience," we may be enabled to arrive at the "true time," if our's is not correct.

SAM FARRISH, The Pacific, 489 Washington Street.—"Have the kindness to inform me whether Tom Paddock, of London, ever fought a man of the name of Smith, from Stafford, for £200 a side, and the said Tom Paddock was beaten in 2 hours and 45 minutes—said fight took place last August, at Cow Meadow, 25 miles between Stafford and Manchester." We know nothing of such a fight. In July last, Paddock was matched to fight the Slasher for £200 a side. The deposits were regularly made, through August and September, until £120 a side had been placed in the hands of the stakeholder; another deposit of £10 a side was to have been made on the 2d of October, but Paddock's stake was not forthcoming, and, as he was unable to go on with the match, the Slasher received forfeit of the money down. It was stated at the time that want of friends, and his losses on the turf, were the causes of Paddock's being obliged to forfeit, but it appears strange that £120 should be deposited, and all of a sudden the match closed for the want of £80. We have always been of the opinion that the real cause of Paddock's forfeiture was never made public. It seems hardly credible, however, that Paddock could have had a fight for £200 in August, at the time his match with the Slasher was going on, and no publicity be given to it through the London sporting journals. Furthermore, we know of no pugilist named Smith able to cope with Paddock.

J. P.—"Will you please inform me whether West, convicted in Philadelphia for killing his wife, was ever executed. I feel interested in the fate of this man, from the frequent mention you have made of him in the CLIPPER, and as I have seen nothing very recently concerning him, I have taken the liberty of asking you this question." The day was fixed for the execution of poor West, but we believe a reprieve was granted. Will not some of our Philadelphia friends inform us how the case stands at present?

UNION, Cincinnati.—*Cricket.*—"If the batsman strikes the ball, and drives it into his partner's wicket, who had left his ground for a run, does it put him out? Or, whether he run or not, is he out?" *Not out.* But should the ball touch any part of *a fielder's* person, and so be turned into the wicket, then it would be *out*, as much so as if the ball had been picked up by a fielder and thrown into the wicket.

RUSTICUS, Joshua.—1. Tom Hyer is not in the ring at present. 2. We are not positive, but are under the impression that Wallace Ferguson was born in this State—probably Wally will put us right on this question. 3. Bell's Life has been in existence since 1822. 4. We know of no treatise on the subject referred to. 5. Molineaux is said to have resided on Staten Island previous to his appearance in the English P. R.

BUZZARD, Detroit.—We would publish your communication in full were it not that the manner in which the main terminated takes away all interest in the event, and exposes the parties interested to the ridicule of those who are ever ready to denounce sports of any and every kind. For this reason, alone, we have concluded to make no other mention of the affair.

QUACKENBOSS, Yonkers.—1. It is said that Lady Kate, on the ice at Chicago, the past winter, trotted a mile in 2:20, but as this statement was not properly authenticated, we doubt its correctness—Flora Temple's time of 2:24½ is the best on record responsibly vouched for. 2. How are we to know who struck the heaviest and quickest blow in the English P. R.? 3. Will search the records.

GEO. H. BARTON.—A correspondent, in our last, was anxious to ascertain the present whereabouts of the gentleman whose name heads this paragraph. We have since learned that Mr. Barton is not professionally engaged at present, and that letters addressed to No. 11 Beaver street, Albany, will be delivered into his hands.

P. N. A.—1. Sam Patch made leaps over Niagara and Rochester Falls, and was killed at the latter place. 2. We cannot say, as to Voltigeur, at present; will make search, however. 3. Colts and fillies are eligible for the Derby and Oaks races, at 3 years.

GEORGE BROWN, Milwaukie.—*All Fours.*—1. In cutting for deal, the ace is the lowest card. 2. When Jack is turned up in making the trump, it is scored immediately; but when made in play it is not scored until after high and low.

JORALEMON.—The new race course bill, just passed, leaves it optional with the association as to whether the track shall be located on Long Island or not.

S. J., Troy.—1. Ben Caunt is 6 feet 2½ inches in height. 2. Harry Broome and the Tipton Slasher fought for the Championship in 1851, when the latter was defeated.

A BET FOR THE POOR, Charleston, S. C.—"Please decide a wager by stating whether Flora Temple ever trotted 20 miles in one hour." Flora never performed this feat—she attempted it, but failed.

MANHATTA.—*Bluff.*—"Please decide a bet by stating whether a flush is not better than one pair of queens, and one pair of sixes?" See answer to Dedham.

J. D., Providence, R. I.—We have no record that we are aware of regarding 7½ miles, but Spooner walked 7 miles in 52 minutes, and Westhall 8 miles in 62 minutes, both in England.

LOVER OF SPORT, Boston.—1. Dionysius Bourcicault is the real name of the gentleman alluded to. 2. We doubt if the work is to be had. 3. Alexandrina Victoria Guelph. 4. Each having scored 6, A, who dealt and *turned up* Jack, goes out first. 5. Will thank you for those papers.

SPORT, JR., Washington City.—Thanks for items. The work entitled "The Dog and Gun," can be procured by sending 25 cents to the publishers, C. M. Saxon & Co., 140 Fulton street. Let us hear from you again, please.

CONSTANT READER, Boston.—"A bets B that Grey Eagle trotted in his match with Lady Sutton, Oct. 9, 1848, in better time than 2:35. Please give the number of heats trotted, and the time." Three heats—time: 2:37; 2:35; 2:32.

B. M., Baltimore.—Not being adapted for a sporting journal, the MSS. in question would be of no use to us. Would have written you by mail, but your address was not given.

AMATEUR, Montreal.—Burton's Chambers Street Theatre is not open at present. Messrs. E. L. Davenport and H. Watkins tried a short season there, but being unsuccessful, gave it up as bad stock.

J. D., Cohoes.—1. No horse ever *paced* 100 miles in 10 hours, or 50 miles in 5 hours. 2. Your second question is rather "beyond our ken."

GARANGULA, Milwaukie.—"Stonehenge's Rural Sports" contains a treatise on rowing, as does "Walker's Manly Exercises;" the former is the best, in our opinion; can be had for $2.50.

BILL YARD, Buffalo.—"Do the billiard players of New York 'hole' the white ball?" Some do; others do not—however, it is generally considered a breach of etiquette to do so designedly, although the rules permit it. Will reply to your other question in our next.

WECCACOE, Philad'a.—"Please state whether No. 3 Engine ever laid in West Broadway, where No. 16 now lays?" She did.

IGNORANT SPORT.—Refers to the weight to be carried.

A. D. P., Chicago.—Much obliged. We like to be put right by friends. Which list of plays do you wish?

T. H. H., Richmond, Va.—Miss Heron was performing in St. Louis at the last accounts.

LECOMTE.—The great race between Eclipse and Henry took place in the spring of 1823, and the best time made in the race was 7:37.

BUSTER, Concord.—We like to hear of such affairs, and take great pleasure in giving them publicity.

ROBERT, Albany.—The "bogs of Ireland" are remains of fallen forests, covered with peat and loose soil, often forming hills.

A. A. AND S., Philad'a.—Gen. Joseph Warren, who was slain in the battle of Bunker's Hill, was born in Roxbury, Mass.

SAM SLICK, Baltimore.—Buckleys' Minstrels were formerly known as the New Orleans Serenaders.

GEORGE FISH, Albion Village, R. I.—Sir Charles Napier, Commander of the Baltic fleet, is not dead.

J. D., Cohoes.—Your question is not very explicitly stated. As we understand it, however, C must lay down his hand.

MICKEY FREE.—We have a letter for you.

A. B. C.—We know of no remedy for the case you mention.

W. A. W., Boston.—*Euchre.*—The right bower, of course.

J. W. H., Woburn, Mass.—Nos. forwarded, as ordered, complete.

OLD DOG TRAY.—Brooklyn has a larger population than Boston.

THE BRITISH PRIZE RING.

THREE important matches are soon to be settled in the prize ring of "merrie England," by some of the best men to be found at present in the pugilistic ranks of that country. As these events are looked forward to with a great deal of interest, not only in fistic circles, but in the sporting community generally, we intend to keep our readers regularly advised of the progress making toward the final consummation of the tourneys in question. The most important of these matches is that for

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.—For this extraordinary battle, we find pitted against each other for the honors and emoluments connected with the prize, the well-known Wm. Perry, (more easily recognised, however, under the cognomen of the Tipton Slasher,) and the young and aspiring Tom Sayers. The former, though pretty well advanced in years, seems to be still anxious to retain the good name he has achieved in the Prize Ring, as well as to make the close of his career as brilliant as the commencement, by contending for the new Champion Belt, a splendid piece of workmanship, with the now steadily advancing Sayers. Many consider that Sayers has overstepped the bounds of good judgment in aiming at such high game as the more experienced Tipton Slasher. Such seems to the general opinion entertained here, and the same would seem to be the case in England, as we learn by the latest advices that the old 'un was the favorite, while the friends of Sayers were "laying off" for 2 to 1. Still there are some who look upon the latter as almost invincible, and are not backward in supporting this opinion by a show of the dimes. Certainly, Sayers has recently made rapid progress in the fistic science, but whether he will be enabled to "pull through" in his proposed contest with Perry, who has many advantages which are not to be slighted, the event itself (which takes place on the 16th of June,) will alone determine. The next in interest is the match between

BILL HAYES AND TRAVIS, THE BLACK.—Hayes' career has been all that an ambitious pugilist could desire. He fought in the longest battle ever recorded, viz: that with Madden, when one hundred and eighty-five rounds were fought, occupying *six hours and three minutes!* the gallant Hayes finally triumphing over his game opponent. Considerable interest is attached to the name of Hayes in these parts in consequence of his match with Johnny Walker, who is well-known here, and who has the reputation of being one of the best delineators of the art of manual defence extant. The battle between Hayes and Walker, which ended in a draw, had the effect to lessen the ablities of Hayes in the estimation of his friends, and he has not since appeared in the P. R. Nat Langham having within the past year or two introduced to the notice of the sporting world a new aspirant for fistic fame in the person of a young black, named Travers, who has already annihilated some older hands in the business, Bill Hayes thought it incumbent on him, as Champion of the Light Weights, to face the music once more, and take the conceit out of this presumptuous black. The black is always ready for a customer, and the friends of the two men were not long in coming to terms. Hence the present match. Hayes must now be pretty near the end of his fistic performances, and if he succeeds in conquering the promising Travers, it will doubtless be after a most severe and extraordinary trial of skill and stamina. This event is fixed for the 12th of May. The third match alluded to is that of

MIKE MADDEN AGAINST BRETTLE.—Madden has obtained considerable notoriety as a game fighter, by his manly encounter with Hayes, in "that long fight," before noticed. He has not appeared in the P. R. very recently, and it is probable that his coming contest with Brettle will terminate his doings in the ring, whether successful or otherwise.

These battles, when brought to a conclusion, will be fully and accurately reported in the CLIPPER, at as early a day as such reports can be obtained. Price of the recognised sporting journal of America only four cents.

"POOR TOM 's A-COLD."—Since our last week's issue, when we ventured on a few remarks in token of grateful remembrance for honest Tom Barry, we have learned (by the Arabia's mail) the fact of his death, which took place in London at 11 P. M. on the evening following the benefit arranged by his faithful friends at Astley's Amphitheatre. "Alas, poor Yorick!" Lengthened eulogies are not required among those who hold the right faith in the future; but we may say, as Brutus says of the departed Cæsar—

"Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man than you shall see me pay."

"PRINCE," THE GIANT SIBERIAN BLOODHOUND.—We had heard so many wonderful accounts of this already notorious Canine, that we determined on paying him a personal visit, and we were by no means disappointed. With all our expectations, we certainly had not depicted to ourselves the symmetrical beauty, mammoth proportions and muscular developements of the Giant "Prince." We will not do him the injustice of comparing him with any other of the dog tribe. Suffice it to say, we consider him matchless in size, beauty, muscle and symmetry of form. At the same time we must confess we were startled, as his deep hollow note announced our approach. Our fears, however, were groundless, as he is under perfect training, and delighted to be noticed in the presence of his keeper, though terrible as a guardian of the night. Pliny, the great historian, speaks of these dogs as a terror of wolves and bears, and a match even for the lion himself. We have ascertained his height to be 35½ inches over the back; length, 7 feet 9 inches; weight, over 200 pounds; but, as only ten months old, we dare not predict his *future greatness.* We believe we risk nothing in recommending all lovers of animal wonders to give him a call, previous to his departure for Europe, as such a *phenomenon* may never again present itself.

PISTOL SHOOTING—THE CRACK SHOTS OF NEW ORLEANS AND KENTUCKY.—The following challenge, recently put forth in New Orleans, has created some degree of interest in the sporting circles of that city:—

PISTOL SHOOTING—SHOOTING FOR A MATCH—$500.—The undersigned offers the following proposition for a match at Pistol Shooting, for the sum of $500.

Twenty shots each, at the distance of twelve paces, to be delivered at will, and with the aid of but one hand, string measurement, from centre to centre.

This proposition is open to any gentleman in Louisiana, except Mr. John Travis: and the undersigned will make a trial of skill with Mr. Travis on the same terms, if the latter will accord him three inches in the measurement of the twenty shots.

The match, or matches, must be "play or pay," and must take place within one month from the time made.

Money deposited with L. Gertits, 113 St. Charles street, New Orleans. JAMES MONTGOMERY, of Kentucky.

After waiting some considerable time, and finding the challenge unanswered by other parties, Mr. John Travis, the celebrated "shot" of New Orleans, and not unknown to fame in these parts, took it upon himself to sustain the honor and prestige of the crack shots of Louisiana by accepting the challenge, as follows:—

THE PISTOL CHALLENGE.—Having observed in the Crescent and Picayune of the 3d inst. a card signed James Montgomery, proposing a trial of skill with pistols against any "gentleman in Louisiana," and excluding myself except on condition that I "accord him three inches in the measurement of the twenty shots," I have waited until the present time in order to afford others the opportunity of making the match.

I now accept the challenge on the terms offered, including the advantage of measurement, but prefer that the stakes should be increased to $2000 or $2500, and that the contest should take place in public.

Money deposited in the hands of Mr. David Bidwell, Phœnix Saloon, 96 St. Charles street.

P. S.—And, I offer to shoot with any gentleman in the United States for $1000 a side—distance twelve paces, at the word or deliberate aim, twenty or more shots, at the line or spot and with the aid of but one hand, string measurement, from centre to centre. The match to come off publicly either in New Orleans or St. Louis. JOHN TRAVIS.

We shall endeavor to keep our readers advised of the progress of the contemplated match.

THE RECENT TRIAL OF STRENGTH IN TROY.—A correspondent in Troy says the statement going the rounds of the papers in reference to the recent trial of strength in that city between Prof. Carl and Mr. Madison, is not a correct report by any means. He says the following are the true facts of the case:

1st. Mr. James Madison had two large flag stones broken on his breast with sledge hammers.

2d. He held 1500 lbs on his breast, while 12 men struck upon them with sledge hammers.

3d. He held two anvils, 200 lbs each, on his knees, while four men struck upon them with sledge hammers.

4th. He held two anvils, 214 lbs. each, on his arms, while four men struck with sledge hammers upon them.

5th. He broke eight large paving stones, and three pieces of cast iron, with his bare hand, and then bent a piece of iron, ⅝ by ½ inch, and 3 feet long, into the form of the letter S.

Prof. Carl, after performing some feats of magic and ventriloquism, held one anvil on his breast, weighing 114 lbs., while one man struck three blows with a sledge hammer upon it.

He held two anvils, weighing 110 lbs. each, on his arms, for the space of one minute only.

He then broke three small stones with his hand, his hand being bound up with a towel.

He then bent a light bar of iron over his arm.

This exhibition, our correspondent states, was witnessed by over one thousand persons, and the editor of the Troy *Times*, when spoken to about his false report, said he had his information from Professor Carl himself.

Mr. Madison now challenges Professor Carl or any other man in the world to compete with him in feats of strength, at any time, or in any place in the United States.

We give publicity to the above, in justice to Mr. Madison, but our correspondent has failed to inform us by what means the decision of the judges in favor of Prof. Carl was arrived at. This is an important consideration.

SHOOTING WOODCOCK OUT OF SEASON.—AN EXPLANATION.—Philadelphia, April 17, 1857.—FRANK QUEEN, ESQ.—*My Dear Sir:* In your last issue, a correspondent, over the signature of "Old Berks," comments very severely upon the conduct of Mr. Fair, and three other gentlemen, in shooting woodcock in April. His remarks are very just, though they throw censure upon the heads of innocent parties. The state of the case was this:—Four gentlemen of this city went snipe shooting—they were gone for three days. The results of their sport were one hundred and sixty-four English snipe, eight brown-back snipe, and thirty-five ducks. I saw the game myself, and can aver that they had neither woodcock nor killdeer among them. One of their number, however, who does not know a brown-back snipe from a woodcock, and who was desirous of giving eclat to a party, of which (as a sportsman) he was a most unworthy member, saw fit to publish the paragraph alluded to. The publicity of the thing not only disgusted the others, but they were also much chagrined to think that it was bruited forth to the sporting world that they would be guilty of killing game out of season. Thus you see how the egotism and vanity of one of the members can cast unmerited censure upon the rest of the party. Your correspondent says that "the paragraph is intended to puff into notoriety four gallant sportsmen and the theatre of their exploits." Three of the party neither need nor desire any puffing. Being good sportsmen and first rate shots, they are not accustomed to *blow* about the magnitude of their bag. The individual alluded to by name, Mr. Fair, is a carpenter and builder, a gentleman and a thorough sportsman, and would sooner never shoot at all than shoot out of season. He is now pretty well advanced in life, though, we doubt not, he would give "Old Berks" a turn on any game bird if he is desirous. Come, Sir Berks, what do you say? Are you in? "Old Connemara," versus "Old Berks?" Two to one on "Connemara." In conclusion, allow me to say we have as good shots and as thorough sportsmen in Philadelphia as the world can produce, not excepting that God-forsaken county," "Old Berks." We have a few amongst us who would like a match either singly or as a party against any comers. All communications through the CLIPPER promptly attended to and thankfully received. "Old Berks" note this. Have you any pigeon shots in your county? Let's hear from you.

Mr. Editor, with many apologies for intruding so much on your valuable sheet, I will now conclude by desiring that you will publish this or any part of it in order to remove the stigma unjustly attached to the character of Philadelphia sportsmen.

Yours, D. K. HARTZELL, (Meerschaum).

[Were it not that the paragraph alluded to appeared in that sterling journal, the *North American*, we should have hesitated in giving credence to the statement, for no real sportsmen would be guilty of shooting game out of season, much less of having such an *exploit* published to the world. We can well imagine the disgust of the rest of the party when they became aware of the unenvied notoriety which the ignorance of their thoughtless companion had given them. We have no doubt, whatever, of the truth of the explanation above given, and feel confident that our Berks County friends will view it in the same light.—ED. CLIP.]

QUICK PASSAGE OF THE GREAT REPUBLIC.—The mammoth clipper ship Great Republic made the run from New York to the Equator, in the Atlantic, in 15 days and 19 hours; to the Equator in the Pacific, 72 days, and to San Francisco, 91 days.

TRIANGULAR FIGHT.—There is a very pretty little fight going on between three of our New York editors, viz.—the "Ogre," of the Herald; the "Little Villain," of the Times; and the "White-coat Philosopher," of the Tribune. So far, the "Little Villain" seems to have the best of it, having given the "first knock-down," and drawn "first blood." It is barely possible that the "Ogre" may yet swallow the little 'un. The "Philosopher," having an inkling of this sort, wisely binds up the wounds of his old "Satanic" enemy, and gives the "Villain" a punch on the sly. Isn't it a nice little arrangement?

INCREASING.—Another Liquor Bill has just passed the Legislature of this State, and is now *supposed* to be a law" as regards the dispensing of liquors in New Y We have so many bills of this description already laid in lavendar, that it is doubtful whether the temperance fanatics will try another at the next session. It is only a waste of time and the people's money.

GREAT SHOOTING MATCH.—Don't forget the great shooting match, announced in our last, to take place near Jersey City, on the 24th and 25th inst., between Mr. John Taylor, of Jersey City, and Mr. Francis E. Weeber, of California.

TARGET PARADE POSTPONED.—Owing to the severe storm that prevailed on Monday last, the proposed parade of our Target Companies was postponed until Thursday, 23d inst.

INTERESTING BOAT RACE ON CONCORD RIVER.—Concord, Mass., April 17, 1857.—FRIEND QUEEN: Our beautiful little village, which, as everybody knows, has a name in history as being the first battle field of the American Revolution, has been this winter rendered pleasant by a most select and sociable course of Assemblies, and as the dancing season is about over, and still being bound to shine, has commenced the boating season with a race such as has never before been equalled on Concord river. The boys, desiring to spend Fast Day in a becoming manner, organized an association and instituted a trial of the speed of the boats which they have been building during the leisure hours of the winter. The following boats entered for the prizes, which were two in number, the first a beautiful silver goblet, the second a boat flag, and were furnished by the liberality of Mr. Geo. Keyes, a wealthy and popular son of old Concord:

Plymouth Girl,	built and rowed by			F. Morton.
Manchester Boy,	"	"	"	H. R. Dalton.
Red Eric,	"	"	"	H. Plympton.
Taber,	"	"	"	W. Benjamin.
Hope	"	"	"	W. E. Lewis.
Berta	"	"	"	S. R. Bartlett.

Before the race, the Red Eric withdrew, and the Taber met with an accident which obliged her to retire from the course, leaving but four boats for the race. The course was a mile in length, in a very swift current, and with a high wind to row against half of the way. The rowers are young men unaccustomed to such exercise, and the boats quite small. The race was sharply contested, and was witnessed by about 800 people. The Manchester Boy ran foul of the flag boat in turning and was considerably delayed. The time made by the different boats was as follows:

Plymouth Girl	13m. 34sec.
Manchester Boy	13m. 43sec.
Berta	14m. 32sec.
Hope	14m. 56sec.
Taber	Fizzled out.

The first prize was therefore awarded to Master Morton, and the second to Master Dalton. The Association under whose auspices the race was conducted is called the "Union Boating Association," and is composed of a number of the scholars from the two high schools in this town. Yours truly, BUSTER.

COCKING.

BERKS VS. LANCASTER.—Schnaidersville, Lancaster Co., Pa.—*Dear Frank:* In the CLIPPER of April 11th, over the signature "Woodruff," appears an article intended (as he says) to correct a mistake he thinks we made in our report of the main of cocks, fought between the Berks versus Lancaster County Fanciers. In reference to that report, we claim having said no more than what *even* Woodruff himself admits. Listen:—"The cock was brained, and badly, too; causing him to run round and round as if in a pit." (We suppose the word "pit" was error and fit intended.) After the cock had performed such evolutions in the pit, and refused battle, being able to fight and quite willing to run, we pronounce him having some blood in his veins not [illegible]. We ask, did the parties who lost their *rocks* on the fight (and had confidence in his game) expect or believe that the fowl would so ruptly relinquish the contest? No sir. We are positively assured some of those parties who lost their money that he (the cock) reniged and further, a gentleman residing in Reading, and a chicken fancier of many years standing, being in possession of the stock, received advice to abandon it as worthless, on account of the one in question having *ran away;* said advice came from one who acted conspicuously at the Schnaidersville main. So much for our error in not being "posted up."

Woodruff says "the cock was brained." This is only a cant phrase; nevertheless, it is a popular one with those *whose famous breeds are ever and anon wont to lay down their weapons and sue for quarters.* Brained, indeed! But how? Simply thus:—The organs of combativeness and destructiveness became dormant; that of self preservation, active: hence the "white feather." It is time, *quite time,* that all those breeds of chickens classified in the poultry catalogues as game, received a more appropriate discrimination: for they are only at best an heterogenous compound—a conglomeration of good, bad, and indifferent. We want a pedigree for a series of generations, of some distinctive breed or other, without this *everlasting* crossing, in fact "breeding to a feather," before we sing out "one of the best game cocks ever pitted." In looking over the CLIPPER a few numbers back, we find all those *famous fanciers* charging each other with having mongrel stock, and we believe in that they speak the truth; at all events, when any of their doings in the pit become chronicled, a casual observer can discover that whenever a fight becomes desperate, and game needed to sustain the final ordeal, one or the other runs away; but his friends, with a view of sustaining his reputation, exclaim he is brained! that is not running! For the information of "Woodruff" we tell him that a *brained fowl* cannot runaway, although the Fabre cock did. RUSTICUS.

MAT. RUSK'S CHALLENGE.—In perusing the last week's CLIPPER I was surprised at the assertions contained in a card signed M. Rusk—first, that he met the owner of the Shake Bag Henny, and offered to match him for $100, and that I backed out. Now, he is, or ought to be, fully aware that the assertion is incorrect, as Henny has always been open to fight any other cock, not even barring a celebrated White Hackle or any other Hackle, and no questions asked regarding the weight; and I anticipate that he is fully aware that Henny has fought three times this season, and has not had three weeks' liberty for the last three months, and is not in condition for fighting. But, if he has no objections to fighting any other, as he ought not to have when challenging a shake fight, I shall accommodate him on his own terms, viz., $100 a side, excepting one proviso, as I cannot conceive who or what he means by chicken lifter. As the challenge is intended for me, if he will be more explicit I shall know the party he objects to, as I deny and challenge him to prove me knowingly to have any connection with chicken lifters. At the same time, we are prepared to match him 21 stags for his own amount, providing it exceeds $10 a side each battle, in any public pit in Philadelphia, and will meet him at Baker Chesline's, Queen street above Wood, late Kensington, between 7 and 9 o'clock, P.M., on Friday, the 24th, to make arrangements when to fight, to draw articles, and post a sufficient sum for forfeiture providing either party backs out; but bring some cash along this time, and let it be business, as it is of no use to talk about White Hackles and such like, as on a previous occasion, and end without being able or else not willing to place a forfeit in some respectable man's hands.

WILLIAM BARNES.
Philadelphia, April 20, '57. A. CHESLINE.

CANINE.

LUCKY MATCHED AGAIN.—James Giddings has matched his imported dog Benny, against Harry Jennings' imported dog Lucky, 16 lbs. each, Giddings staking $25 to $15. The Fight is to take place at No. 49 Madison street, on the 5th of May, for $100 a side.

JEM GIDDINGS has returned the compliment to Harry Jennings by staking $10 to bind a match for his 34 pound dog to kill 50 rats, against his slut Rose, for $50 a side, on Tuesday evening, May 12, and to take place at Harry Jennings' Sporting Museum, 114 Madison street.

A GREAT RAT MATCH is to come off at Harry Jennings' Sporting Museum, 114 Madison street, on Tuesday evening next, April 28. Open to all dogs and sizes, for a handsome Silver Cup, and Collar and slip. Rats free. Cup to be seen at the bar. Dogs to be scaled at 7 o'clock. Killing to commence at 8 o'clock.

BEN AND BRIAN BOROHME.—Harry Jennings has matched his imported dog Ben against Dutch John's Brian Borohme, at 31½ lbs., for $100 a side. They are to fight at 49 Madison street, on the 25th of May.

RATTING IN DETROIT.—A rat match took place in Detroit on the 6th inst., at Turner's Wolverine Saloon, for a purse of $40, between two terriers, owned by George Clark and Isaac Warren, to kill eight rats each. Clark's dog won, having killed the rats in 59 seconds, while Warren's dog took 1 minute and 20 seconds. Afterward, four dogs entered for a purse of $40, at six rats each—the dogs belonged respectively, to Messrs. Kent, Robinson, Philips, and Chappel. The [illegible] was as follows: Phillips' dog 1 min. 40 sec.; Kent's, 1 min. 24 sec.; Chappel's, 51 seconds; and the Robinson dog, 27 seconds; which latter took the prize.

MATCH FOR $300.—Jacob Roome has matched his dog Billy, against Mr. Goulding's dog Tige, at 28 lbs, for $150 a side, $30 a side being deposited on making the match. The fight is to come off at No. 49 Madison street, on the 19th of May—the dogs to be weighed at 2 o'clock, and to fight at 3, in the afternoon of the same day. This will be one of the events of the season.

FALL RIVER VS. PHILADELPHIA.—The double event between two of Mr. Godley's Fall River dogs, and two of Mr. Platt's Philadelphia dogs, for $100 a side each fight, will take place at 49 Madison street, in this city, on the 23d and 24th inst.

THE RING.

THE LATE PRIZE FIGHT IN MASSACHUSETTS.—Salem, Mass., April 11th, 1857.—*Mr. Editor:* On looking over the pages of the last CLIPPER, I was much pleased with your ably written article on the recent Prize Battle at Danvers, and hope it may have a beneficial effect. To outsiders it appears that the backers and *friends* of Finnegass have not made proper efforts in his behalf. It is certainly singular that all others arrested should have obtained bail on the day of examination, while he was left with fair promises; but no sooner is the key turned upon him, than all his friends vanish as if by magic. Is there no one to step forward in behalf of the gallant fellow, or must he lie in "durance vile," where he has no means of communication or preparation for defence in the coming trial?

If pugilists are to be thus abandoned by *the patrons* of the P. R., it will be difficult to find men who will step forward to cater to their amusement, and trust to the honor of those who connect themselves with sporting circles for the purpose of filling their own pockets. Such conduct tends to lessen the confidence of those interested in such exhibitions, and is serving towards the gradual decay of sports of this character in Massachusetts. Having seen and conversed with Finnegass, I understand that far from being of any service to him, not one of his so-called friends have even visited him in his adversity. After gallantly contesting a battle of nearly three hours' duration, in the gamest manner, it would really seem as if he was deserving of more notice. It is to be hoped that his friends (if he has any, in his misfortune) will make an effort to release him from prison, that he may have some chance to prepare his defence. All others implicated are at liberty, and it may be that he is thus slighted because he has not been in the habit of forcing his name before the public, and thus seeking notoriety, as some others (who shall be nameless) have done; and they may think this treatment of him will be passed over in silence. It is a lamentable fact that those on whom the chief dependence of pugilists is placed, after having used them for their purposes, consider them as no better than a cast off garment, or worn out tool, to be thrown away and thought no more of.

Yours truly, W. F. G.

We are sorry to find that Finnegass has not yet met with friends to procure his release on bail; but what can be expected in a place where a miserly clique of self-constituted "principal supporters of sports" are suffered to rule and ruin everything connected with sporting matters. These characters have been permitted to have their own way in everything, now using this one as a tool, now that one; getting up pedestrian matches here, prize fights there, and various other matters wherever the field was supposed to be most productive; and this, be it remembered, at the expense of the poor pugilist, pedestrian, or whoever else they could manage to rope in; these matches, almost invariably, were prepared to order, to victimise outside betters. Such conduct has materially retarded the progress of sports in Boston of late. It is owing, no doubt, to the connexion of some of these individuals with boating affairs that such an opposition is manifested towards the proposed regatta, in Boston, on the coming 4th of July. If our friends wish to get along as they did before this clique intruded itself among them, they must cut themselves aloof from the so-called "principal supporters," but in reality "principal destroyers of sport in Boston." Sparring exhibitions were frequent in Boston when boxers went on their own hook, but now such a thing as a night of boxing is almost unknown there, because these "destroyers of sport" were permitted to take part in some that enlisted the attention of the police, and finally eventuated in the refusal of the authorities to permit exhibitions to be given. The character and occupations of many of these destroyers are well and unfavorably known to the authorities, and they naturally conclude that anything they are connected with cannot but end in trouble somewhere, and they shut down upon them at once. Let all well-disposed friends of sports do likewise, and we may again witness peaceful sparring exhibitions, and other sporting transactions in Boston. In the meantime, we hope that Finnegass will find some friend before the week is out. We shall see.—ED. CLIP.

ANOTHER TALKER.—James J. D. Gray, of Boston, writes us that he don't believe either Horrigan or Lazarus meant fighting, and says he, Gray, will fight either of them for $100 if they will go to Boston. As Gray has neglected to remit a deposit as an earnest of business, we incline to the opinion that he is rather more of a talker than those he writes about.

JOHNNY MORRIS says, if Grime, of Roxbury, really means fighting, he, Morris, will fight for either love or money. If Grime means business he knows where to find Morris.

AN AMATEUR EXHIBITION of sparring recently took place in Detroit. A correspondent suggests that some of our New York boxers should visit Detroit. He has no doubt they would meet with success.

CRICKET.

GOSSIP AMONG CRICKETERS.—THE NEW YORK CLUB held their meeting, as announced, on Wednesday, 15th inst., at Pontin's Hotel, Read street. After some business of a private nature had been dispatched, the practicability of the following grand matches being played was taken into consideration.

First.—New York City *vs.* the whole of the United States. This match is intended to be gotten up for the purpose of facilitating the selection of the best eleven to play against Canada this season, as they expect to meet with an immense array of cricketing talent on that anxiously looked-for occasion. The necessity of this precaution will be apparent to every one, for we may rest assured that our Canadian cousins will strain every nerve to regain the laurels we so nobly won on the ever to be remembered 9th and 10th of June, 1856. We must remember, also, that there is a great difference between offensive and defensive operations, and that it behoves us to send our little army of picked and tried men, well equipped, and furnished with every *requisite* to carry on the campaign, honorable to themselves, and also to that great and chivalrous body whom they will represent. Therefore, we earnestly hope that the efforts now being made to get up this match will be seconded by the whole cricketing fraternity throughout the Union.

The second match talked of, is, Eleven English, vs. Eighteen American born players. It is thought that these two matches might be played in one week, so as to give an opportunity to persons living at a distance to witness both tournaments, composed as they will be of the best talent in the country, both native and foreign. It will be a grand sight, indeed; and, as it will not be a mere local affair, it will bring together, no doubt, an immense concourse of spectators from divers places. Let us hope, therefore, that this match will be brought about; to this end let our friends use every endeavour. As these proposed matches are replete with interest, we shall keep our readers fully advertised of their progress.

The New York Club have fixed on the 4th of May for their opening day, so clear the track and look out for fun.

We are also pleased to announce that Mr. Crossley (thanks to the untiring energy of Mr. Sharp,) has been engaged by them for the ensuing season, as practice bowler, &c. He will prove a great addition to the club, and we opine, that through his eminent tuition there will be a great improvement manifested in the style of play, by the different members.

A Philadelphia correspondent, amongst other things, speaks of the probability of the following matches taking place at an early date: Olympian vs. First American Eleven of the Philadelphia Club, and Delphian, vs. Germantown. He also thinks that if some enterprising person were to keep for sale at reasonable prices, in that city, the various cricketing implements, he would find it highly remunerative; we think so, too, but in the absence of such an accommodation, let those in need consult our advertising columns. Cricket seems to be in the ascendant in the Friendly City, and it is to be hoped that New York will be enabled to give them a *friendly* greeting on the tented field during the coming summer.

Albany is also making rapid strides in the advancement of science; by the bye, we wonder if their match with Newark will be played this season; we hope so, for it would be a pity that so desirable a match, between two clubs so nearly alike in strength, should be allowed to fall through.

The Mechanic's Club of Newark take possession of their new ground this season; this young club is fast elbowing its way to the front ranks.

The New Brighton Club, S. I., are preparing for the campaign. With young Lillywhite as their practise bowler, we may expect great things from them in the way of batting.

Throughout the length and breadth of the land clubs are being formed, and all hands seem impued with a holy zeal in the good cause, so we may look forward to innumerable defeats and victories, which will be fully reported and impartially criticised in the columns of the N. Y. CLIPPER. Who is coming out ahead!

NEW YORK *vs.* THE STATES.—The St. George and New York Clubs having proposed to play a match against the States, to be played in New York early in June next, we, the undersigned, feeling convinced that the interests of Cricket would be greatly furthered thereby, take up the proposition, and call upon *all clubs in the country* to send a delegate or delegates, to meet at the Astor House, New York city, on Monday the 4th of May, at 6 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of making all necessary arrangements. Those parties or clubs who cannot make it convenient to send delegates, will please enter into correspondence with the undersigned, giving their views upon the matter, and also state whether they can send any good players, should they be selected to play in the above match.

[Signed]

W. LACY, Statesman's Office, Albany, N. Y.

THOS. FACON, corner of 3d and Arch st., Phila., Pa.

☞ [We call particular attention to the above announcement, as the match proposed will prove a mighty auxiliary to the cause of Cricket. We feel assured that the undertaking needs but the active co-operation of our Cricketing friends at a distance to make it one of the most popular, exciting and life-giving occasions to the cause of Cricket that has ever taken place on any soil, or in any country; therefore, we sincerely hope that all those who feel interested in its successful accomplishment will answer to the call made above. We have ventured a few remarks on the desirability, reasons, &c., of the match, under the heading of Cricketers' Gossip, and we think there are but few who will differ from us in the opinions therein given. We would also mention in this connection that if there are any American gentlemen, sufficiently expert in the game, who would like to join in the American and English match to be played about the same time, we should feel pleased in forwarding their letters to the proper authorities, and would assure them that their interests will be properly attended to.—ED. CLIP.]

CRICKET AT YONKERS.—The season commenced in that locality, on Saturday, the 18th inst., as previously announced in the CLIPPER, by an afternoon's play, commencing at 2½ o'clock. The weather was beautiful, and admirably adapted for cricket. It was intended to play the annual match, America vs. English, of the players of the club, but on account of the previous chilly weather it had been understood by many that it would not take place; hence, through the absence of some, it was resolved to choose sides in lieu thereof, and play the match intended at some future period.

We were pleased to notice the great improvement in play by some of the junior and native players; Mr. Cudish bids fair soon to become a first rate field; he repeatedly floored the stumps at the distance of 30 and 40 yards, and once at 60 yards, at least, much to the surprise of the man running for the wicket, who was taking it very leisurely, having no idea but that he was perfectly safe. Mr. Jennings will, with practice, no doubt make an excellent round-arm bowler. The older players, Messrs. Stedwell, Shonnard, Furness, Bashford and Hopper, are well up to the mark (as will be seen by the score.) Altogether, they show an excellent front to the enemy, and we shall be much surprised if they don't come out victors in the majority of their matches, even without the aid of Halles. They are a gentlemanly set of good fellows, of that stamp to make everything they undertake popular in any locality, and for that reason there is no place we like to visit on cricketing occasions better than Yonkers.

THE SCORE.

STEDWELL'S SIDE.		SHONNARD'S SIDE.	
1..Stedwell c and b Shonnard	14	1..Shonnard b Stedwell	7
2..Garrison b Shonnard	0	2..Howarth run out	0
3..Bray c Howarth b Shonnard	3	3..Bashford not out	15
4..Furness b Shonnard	17	4..Guy run out	6
5..Hopper b Howarth	7	5..T. Furness b Hopper	0
6..Jennings c Guy b Shonnard	0	6..Furness c Guy b Jennings	1
7..Cudish run out	8	7..Bell b Hopper	0
8..Hazeltine not out	1	8..English c Cudish b Jennings	3
Byes 1, Leg Byes 1, Wides 1	3	Byes 2, Leg Byes 1, Wides 4	7
Total	63	Total	39

CRICKET IN PHILADELPHIA.—Quite an exciting scrub match was played on Saturday, 18th inst., between the first five and the rest of the Empire Club, on the ground of the same in West Philadelphia. The former, Roberts' side, having won the toss, took the field; the latter, Smith's side, sending Smith and Dilworth to the bats; the first innings closed with 62 runs for Smith's, and 41 for Roberts'—the second innings closed with 40 for the former, and 12 for the latter, making total for Smiths', 102; for Roberts', 53, the former proving winners by 49 runs. The bowling of Messrs. DeCourcy, Waples and Smith, was very good, as was the batting of Dilworth, Blakiston and Waples! Annexed is the score:

SMITH'S SIDE.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	Total.
1..Smith b De Courcy	5	b De Courcy 2	7
2..Dilworth b De Courcy	18	c Roberts b Waples 6	24
3..Blakiston c Roberts b Waples	15	b De Courcy 8	23
4..G. Wharton b Waples	0	run out 3	3
5..Harwood b De Courcy	13	b Waples 0	13
6..J. Young run out	4	c end b Waples 3	7
7..Jenkins b De Courey	1	not out 4	5
8..Hanson b Waples	1	c Thomas b Waples 6	7
9..R. Young b Waples	0	b Waples 3	3
10..Godwin, absent	0	c Roberts b Waples 4	4
11..Hare not out	4	b De Courcy 0	4
No ball, 0; wides, 1	1	No ball, 1; wides, 0 1	2
Total	62	Total 40	102

ROBERTS' SIDE.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	Total.
1..Roberts b Jenkins	3	b Smith 0	3
2..H. Wharton c Hare b Jenkins	6	b Smith 5	11
3..De Courcy b Jenkins	8	b Smith 4	12
4..Waples not out	16	not out 1	17
5..Thomas c Jenkins b Jenkins.	8	b Smith 0	8
No ball	0	No balls 2	2
Total	41	Total 12	53

49 runs in favor of Smith's side.

AMUSEMENTS.

Theatricals—Circuses—Ethiopian Minstrelsy, &c.

PLAYS, PLAYS, PLAYS.—THE STANDARD AND MINOR DRAMAS, and all other published Plays, for sale by S. FRENCH, 121 Nassau street, New York, price 12½ cents each, ten for $1; bound volumes, $1. A new play published every week. Complete lists sent by mail, *free*, when requested. 29-3m

☞ The proposition started by this paper to publish a list of all the places of public amusement in America seems to meet with general approbation, and we are anxious to make it as complete as possible. Those managers who have not yet reported themselves and their institution at "the Captain's office," will please do so without further delay. Send a small playbill.

To our neighbors, and brethren of the Press generally, we are under great obligations for the favorable manner in which they have already noticed our list of "The English Theatres," and for their kind aid in furthering the present design. Let us show "the old folks" whether we patronize or neglect amusements in this land of plenty. Communications should be addressed to "The New York Clipper, New York."

LUCKILY, matter-of-fact people are not likely to be much attracted by theatrical amusements, else we should feel more reluctance than we generally do while prefacing our matter-of-fact chronicle of theatrical weekly news with some general remarks on the cultivation of a tasteful expression as well as sentiment among those artists concerned in giving stage representations.

As all sentiment is (to use a chemical metaphor) held in solution by the portrayal of character, the immense power of the stage in society need not be wondered at. If we learn how the theatres of any country are managed, we then know all we need to know of the standard of moral sentiment in that country. Hence we may be allowed to infer another argument proving the importance of the part the critic (ahem!) plays in the great drama of social life. Ahem! again.

We shall therefore take it for granted that people who examine this department in our cargo of amusements have the soul to appreciate poetical sentiment wherever it may be found, whether in book, picture, sculpture, or stage impersonation. The personifications of sentiment are like those of the flowers—they are all around us if we wish to trace them, but the intense egotist never can be sensible of such bewitching tracery. The real egotist is like Hamlet's uncle; he looks upon plays as a matter of fashion, but has a very conservative dread of any freedom in their application. We write not for such selfish automata.

The intelligent reader of old English dramas will be sure to trace the robust outlines of their personifications. In the works of Dickens we may see parish models of characters easily recognized as universal. The paintings of Rubens are grouped with characters whose coarse outlines are mellowed in a luscious light, harmonizing the social family with the prim and angular subjects of Vandyke. In the Greek Slave of Powers, and in the Old Mortality of Thom, we may see the beauty that exalts and the decrepitude that is soon to be exalted in another and a better existence. In the creations of Burns we meet with a blunt candor tempered by manly tenderness; in those of Moore the brightest inspirations come forth dimmed with the exhalations of a mournful sadness; in those of Byron a wilful passion seems to prompt nearly every character, no matter if amiable in the main; while those of Shelley evince an imagination of authorship almost spiritualized in its intellectual source. The old Spanish ballads supply us with entire chapters of chivalry. Boccacio dresses up his ladies in dimity or diamonds with equal poetry of amorous provocation; and in the Dantesque delineations of Francesca di Rimini we may find a delicious dedegree of tragic sweetness enough to tempt any scholar into studying the flowery language of Petrarch. Cowper's characters have a puritanical mixture of the natural and the morbid; Charles Lamb's are comically quaint; but Shakespeare's and Tom Hood's almost speak to us from the paper in behalf of humanity. All the Tom Carlyles and matter-of-fact philosophers in creation, with all their invective of highly respectable stupidity, cannot controvert the social or meditative effect of such characteristic productions.

Shakespeare's works alone would furnish contemplation enough for one life-time. We have not space just now to show how distinct and statuesque (and yet harmonious with humanity) all his characteristic creations are. At present we have to speak of performers principally,

"For, by the mighty actor brought,
Illusions perfect triumphs come—
Verse ceases to be airy thought,
And Sculpture to be dumb!"

As theatrical performers are truly artists of the first rank in the embodiment and expression of sentiment, so we always consider their style of representation one of the most important subjects of criticism. Our vivacious correspondent, "Americus," seems to have similar views of the importance of the stage, and has favored us with another communication (chock full of good things) as follows:—

MR. EDITOR: I am pleased to acknowledge the handsome manner with which you received some few remarks of mine in your paper of this week, relative to the two casts of the Rivals, under the old regime at the National in Leonard street, and the new at Wallack's, and also for your complimentary expressions of good will to your new and modest correspondent "Americus," (of course meaning myself.)

I should not obtrude myself on your attention so soon again were it not for the reason that you have invited me to continue my remarks, and partly to correct an erroneous impression you appear to have fallen under respecting the non appearance of old Jack Barnes in the character of Sir Anthony Absolute on the opening night at the old National, and your *guess* that "Billy Villiams of the Vells," of "all 'round my hat" memory, was the Sir Anthony of the cast. I am quite positive Mr. Editor that I am correct in the assertion I made and in my remembrance of the entire cast, and I repeat that glorious old Jack was the impersonater of the choleric but warm-hearted Sir Anthony on the opening night at the old National opposite the "Camp-Meetin Church." I very well recollect on several occasions in the summer time, when the windows were open, that when those *dark* objects who congregated at the house opposite were moved by the *spirit*—that their "preacher style of singin" and almost unearthly screeching would seriously disturb the equanimity of the audience collected at the Theatre—but I'm digressing. If you still think I am mistaken, and that your *guess* is correct, pray consider me *good* for a bottle of the Imperial Champagne which I will with great pleasure send you with Americus' most respectful compliments, immediately you *prove* to me that Barnes did not personate Sir Anthony on the opening night at the old National. So my dear sir "go in and win" if you can.

Your remarks on the strength of the two casts are eminently just and apropos, and in the main I am happy to place my opinion side and side with yours. Still I should like to have the opinion of other theatrical "Old-Tops," and am happy that you have courted a discussion as to the relative merits of the two glorious casts. I must, however, be permitted to say, and "I say it boldly," that I consider the *gentlemen* comprising the cast at the old National as having the preponderance in strength, while the *ladies* in the present cast at Wallack's have the advantage over their predecessors. Mrs. Vernon I consider the best "Old Lady" (I beg her pardon) now on the stage either in this country or in England, and certainly the "dear people" agree with me in this particular—but why institute comparisons of the two casts when both are so great, for "*comparisons are odorous*" you know—and shall we ever look upon their like again? Ah, I fear not. I could certainly—

"Be happy with either were t'other dear charmer away."

How theatrical talent will sometimes (though rarely) run in families! and when it does, how marked and peculiar the aspect—take the Kemble, the Wallack, and the Fisher Family as examples; and what glorious ones too! By the way, cannot some of your readers inform me of the whereabouts of Mrs. Rogers and Mrs. Russell of the old National? they were very able in the delineation of their respective parts, and I should be pleased to hear of them.

I cannot close this communication without giving you one or two more of my "old reminiscences" which may not be out of place here. One night some twenty years ago, at the old National, I sat enjoying the glorious petite comedy of the Scholar, (lately so popular at Wallack's from the perfect acting of James Wallack as Erasmus Bookworm) admirably illustrated by Wallack, Emma Wheatley, W. H. Williams, &c., &c., and when absorbed in the description the Scholar gives of his passion for the heroes of Shakespeare, just then some plaster from the ceiling over the boxes came down with a crash. There was a great commotion—the audience leaving their seats supposing the house coming down. Mr. Wallack, dropping Shakespeare, at once sprang to the foot-lights, and with his quiet self-possession, told the audience that the crash arose from the effects of a little bad masonry, and begged them to be quiet. This had the desired effect, and the play terminated happily. Jim Crow Rice, at that time in the zenith of his fame and popularity, came on immediately after to give us some of his peculiar verses, and among them he made this happy impromptu—

"Wallack is a kind man,
And he is now my master;
He can the 'Scholar' play so well,
That *he brings down the plaster.*"

The effect of this neat turn of affairs can be better imagined than described, and Rice retired amid deafening plaudits.

Another "little reminiscence," Dear CLIPPER, until, if you please, some future time. Mrs. Chas. Kean, (then charming Ellen Tree,) was playing Juliet on a certain evening to the Romeo of Mr. John Mason, the pleasing comedian, and then so popular at the old Park. All was proceeding happily, when Mr. Mason was suddenly taken ill and was obliged to abandon his part. Universal and Gentlemanly Peter Richings (*Universal* so called from his known willingness to assume any character from Pizzaro to Sir Benjamin Backbite, from Dandini to Hail Columbia in *Character*, and *Gentlemanly* from his pleasing exterior, and affable and courteous manners,) quickly dressed for the part and entered amid the cheers of the audience, just as Juliet has to say "Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?" A *know nothing* in the pit, cognizant of Mason's illness, and supposing Juliet to be asking a question, and *knowing nothing* of the text, replied, before poor Romeo could—and said—"Because t'other man is sick!" This was too much for the audience, Romeo and Juliet. Richings looked daggers, while Ellen turned away to hide a smile she could not repress. I shall never forget either of the above incidents.

I had another object in writing you on this occasion, Mr. Editor, partly a selfish one I confess, and it is, that I wish to *have my say* and to leave *my mark* in the *opening* number of the Fifth Volume of your interesting paper, and to give you a little kindly advice from one who prides himself on being an old Turfman, and perhaps, if you will, one of those "Old Tops" of the Park-pit days—though understand I deny the latter soft impeachment. I would quietly remind you that with the issue of your next paper you will assume graver responsibilities than you have yet been under—that you will have to carry weight for age—that your competitors in the race you are running for popular favor are noted for speed and endurance—that they are well jockied, strongly backed, and admirably handled—that you must not be contented with making a dead heat—a tie and tie race—but be constantly up and doing, keeping a wary eye about you, relying upon your known game and bottom, and the admiration of the public for your past efforts and hopes for your future prospects, and in the final struggle like *Black Maria*, to show your gallant competitors *what it is to run for and to win the glorious honors of a twentieth mile!* So mote it be. Adieu, dear CLIPPER, for the nonce. My next to you, when I have the leisure, will be on my favorite theme the *Horse*. Respectfully yours,

N. Y., April 17th, 1857. AMERICUS.

The prospective glimpse of that bottle of imperial champagne—or imperial bottle of champagne—as the case may be, is decidedly tempting, especially if it should lead to the companionship of so agreeable a competitor to toe the mark with as we feel certain Friend Americus must be. In fact "it is a very pretty quarrel as it stands," and it seems almost a pity to spoil the chance for a hob-nob with such delightful concomitants—win or lose.

In the first place, we beg leave to point out that our last week's article not only did *not* assert that Old Barnes did not play Sir Anthony Absolute, but *did* assert that "we take it for granted our correspondent 'Americus' is correct in his remembrance as regards Old Barnes playing Sir Anthony Absolute on the occasion mentioned," i. e. the opening of Wallack's National, at the same time acknowledging our own inability just then to remember clearly so as to specify or "distinguish who was the Sir Anthony of that occasion." Now, if proof should happen to be brought forward that Manager Wallack opened the house with English and Italian Opera, we think our position a little the safest on a "guess;" and that "bottle of imperial champagne" would seem nearer than ever to the taste as well as view, as we have not the slightest doubt of "Americus" being "good" for it, in all faith and friendship. "Americus" is doubtless aware that there were several managerial "openings" at the corner of Leonard and Church streets, the principal of which were in the seasons of 1837 '38 and 1839 '40, before Mr. Burton's advent there. This much of explanation seems due to our previous statements, not but what we think "Americus" wields just the pen to carry on a controversy with, counting the "feast of reason" among the "Old Tops" and the "flow of soul" among the "Silver Tops."

We believe Mrs. Rogers died in Brooklyn, in 1850. Mrs. Russell went south, and we have lost trace of her performances. There was a Miss Ayers at Wallack's National who used to play similar characters.

It is not easy to get up any controversy with the anecdotes "Americus" has so well told, for they are unexceptionable. "Uncle Jem's" ready wit long ago caused Leigh Hunt and William Hazlitt, in London, to agree that "no man knows better how to tweak the nose of the public in a genteel way," if he wishes, "upon occasion," and certainly no man is better qualified for giving a happy issue to any awkward mishap. Some men can "bring down the house," but Manager Wallack can bring down plaster and all, yet nobody be any the worse for it. Mr. Wallack might say with Erasmus of old, (in a much more serious matter,) "*Crede quod habet, et habet.*" One thing we are quite sure of—that "Americus" is entirely welcome to do the absolute in this "opening" number of our fifth volume, and we hope to see his "fist" (on paper) very often near the nosts in our editorial sanctum.

Probably there never was a more aggressive case of wanton injury than the damages caused by the black bigotry of the "Camp-Meetin Church" on the lower corner of Leonard street; but both Wallack and Wilson well knew that in those days any "common theatre man" would have stood no chance for justice among such wholesale dealers in humbug. As damages can only be assessed by a jury, perhaps those managers were right in abstaining from applying for such an award as law might have justified. The Christianity which could abstain from a revenge can only be known to a higher Power than human law. Leonard street remains—what it was and is.

The good old times when Christianity and the Drama went hand in hand seem about to be revived, if we may indulge reasonable hopes from the apparent cordiality of the Rev. Dr. Bellows in his address at the Dramatic Fund Dinner. When we consider that St. Paul himself has not disdained to quote from the old Greek dramatists, (as can be seen in his epistles,) we look upon such cordiality as quite orthodox and proper. Among reasonable people this unanimity of sentiment will be viewed as no more than a return to correct principles. Among the narrow-minded and superficial it will be viewed with wonder.

If the report were true that Mrs. Frances Ann Kemble, (or a person who usually travels by that name,) had written to Dr. Bellows, endeavoring to dissuade him from his benevolent intentions, such a circumstance would only help to prove our frequently repeated statement that her connection with the stage was merely accidental, and that she is not an actress—in the artistic sense of that title.

CITY SUMMARY.

Another piece, of the spectacular kind, is to be produced at the Broadway. It has been adapted by Mr. Charles Gaylor, and called "The Son of Night." Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Davenport are well received in "De Soto," or "The Hero of the Mississippi." Mrs. L. W. Davenport's benefit last Saturday night was a crowder, and the Bryants helped the attractions They had elbow room to dance on that stage.

This is positively the last week of the English Opera party at Burton's. Louisa the Nightingale and Susan the Funny will have to leave their admirers pining after them. Just fancy the meeting of Harrison and Borrani in England! We hope Borrani will fetch up his best G.

J. B. Howe seems to have left his usual legacy of litigation and squabbling around the old Bowery. Some novelties are talked of in the green room. At present the business is but middling.

There is a "Golden Axe" for some people to grind around Purdy's National. Some of the "ould times" in what Fanny Kemble called "dear, dirty Dublin," are now dramatized at this house; but whoever has once seen what is called an "Irish drama" at the National has seen them all.

They have a new farce at the Museum called "The Unlucky Mortal," but we cannot say whether he is any relation to the victim who has paid his quarter to go in.

The New York manager who first gets up a good cast for Holcroft's comedy of "The Hypocrite" will be sure to have a rush like the Boston Herald with the reports of Brother Kalloch's trial. Some of the Boston theatres have already given this fine old comedy which used to make George the Fourth (and his father before him) slap his thighs and roar with laughter while witnessing the performance.

The Italian Opera Troupe seem trying to do some business at Niblo's Garden. The "redoubtable Max" looks as if he ought to have the Academy of Music, not pay anybody, and get the credit for being a martyr—in addition.

Bryant's Minstrels go into the musical and the saltatory while giving "Down in Alabama" with characteristic spirit. The way they can give "Shakespearean Readings" would "knock" Queen Elizabeth herself into comedy fits. The "Essence of Ole Virginny," and a grand olio of comicalities, are sure to satisfy the most fastidious with a good stock of genuine and wholesome laughter.

The comedy casts now given by the stock company at Wallack's Theatre are among the best dramatic treats ever exhibited on the stage, either in this country or in Europe. Plays by Sheridan, Morton, Farquhar, Mrs. Centlivre, Holcroft, Bishop Hoadley, George Coleman the Younger, etc., with performers like Messrs. Wallack, Brougham, Blake, Walcot, Dyott, Lester, Holland, etc., with Mesdames Hoey, Vernon, Gannon, etc., all combine to get up some of the most attractive bills ever presented for public patronage. The absurdity of letting so much talent lie idle for the sake of enriching the intense impudence of some intensely disqualified "star" while displaying the intense adventures of intense ladies, is more than ever apparent. We have bided our time, and are glad to see that the public opinion has righted itself from the intense humbug of intense puffery.

No puffery is needed when we say that Mr. W. R. Blake is to have a benefit at Wallack's next Saturday (25th.) Mr. Brougham's "Game of Life" is one of the attractions.

Mr. H. B. Phillips, the assistant stage manager at Wallack's, had his annual benefit on Monday evening, and is soon to leave for Europe.

Mr. Sanderson, the young gentleman who goes in for an octave with each hand on the piano, is now doing the two fisted at Niblo's Saloon.

Madame Gazzaniga has generally made friends of those who have heard her, but our weather lately has been almost Bostonian in its trials upon the vocal organs.

In "De Soto" at the Broadway, there is quite a quadrille with the two pairs of Davenports.

Percival, the well-known baritone at Buckleys, is going on a tour in Europe.

It is said that Mrs. Barrett (wife of Gentleman George) died last week in a New York institution which is conducted by the Sisters of Charity.

The Sunday Evening Concerts at Buckleys are well patronized, and would be more so if made known to the public properly.

Who are the Schmeissers, and what is "The Management?" We pause for a reply.

Manager Wallack intends to play thirty nights himself, and let us see him in some entirely new (in New York) characters. Miss Eliza Logan will follow, so that the interval until the Summer Garden arrangements will be filled up with attractions.

Mr. R. Johnston seems to have restored as much harmony as possible on the Bowery boards.

A strong movement is on foot to induce the Ravels at Niblo's to give afternoon performances for the little folks. The idea is good; but, how are the little 'uns to know of it unless the arrangement is advertised in papers which people read?

When the Pyne and Harrison party break up, let us hope that all those pump-handle people who usually go with them will take to some employment in which Nature may help their industry better.

Chapel-going people (as well as others) can hear Mr. John Brougham deliver a very fine poem at the literary exercises of the Theta Delta Chi fraternity, in Hope Chapel, on the 29th instant. It will be neither ancient nor modern Greek, but the sterling Saxon. John will keep his "choice Romaic" to himself, and give us the John Bull palaver. More power to his elbow!

Madame d'Angri is on a musical tour in the Southern cities, where we have no doubt she will be welcome.

NATIONAL SUMMARY.

Manager Burton and portions of his company seem to be doing the alternate under Mr. Jarrett and a hocus-pocus thimble, between this city, Philadelphia, and Baltimore.

Boston is awfully dull just now in the theatrical way. Mr. Booth is at the Boston, and is making friends deservedly although he has an agent who does him more harm than good.

The Boston Museum is prosperous, of course. Eliza Logan's sister, Olive, was married last week at the Tremont House, by Rev. Mr. Gaylord, to Mr. Edward Annesly de Lisle, of New York. Cecilia and Olive being provided for, and going to Europe, what shall we do with Eliza?

Those "Fast Men" at the Boston National have about run their rope out, and begin to see "down the road" where Herr Kist went. Like Jerry Blossom, they "want to go home!"

Dumpster and his ballads may be met with on various street corners. He seems to have borrowed such a "pale and thoughtful countenance" as Jack Povey used to have formerly in Park Row.

Emma Stanley and the Junior Corbyn are doing the locomotive in the Southern States. Fanny Morant is in Charleston.

The Florences are on their flowery path in the South, and last at Richmond, Va.

The St. Louis Theatre is now in a happy career of success with that company of De Bar's, from New Orleans, comprising Messrs. B. De Bar, Vining, J. Martin, J. T. Hind, Braithwaite, G. B. Chaplain, Golden, Gormon, Raige, J. E. Nagle, J. E. Studley, O. F. Walters, Swan, Morton, Schlim; Mesdames Gladstane, J. E. Nagle, Noxon, C. De Bar, Morand, Schlim; Misses Valee, Johnson, Mary Shaw.

The Louisville papers say that during the recent row at the Louisville Theatre, Lola Montes told Mr. Bradley (formerly at Burton's) that she had "licked many better men" than he, and that she could "l-a-a-a-in him out of his boots." Of course we cannot swallow all this story.

Sanford's Opera House in Philadelphia will close on the 25th, and his very talented company will proceed to the royal theatres in Montreal and Quebec, where they have flattering engagements. Our Canadian friends will find them gentlemen, scholars, and artists, of the highest degree.

Maggie Mitchell is doing the melo-dramatic now in Baltimore

Miss Heron is doing the intensity business at St. Louis, and some of the Western papers are now in the paroxysms of their intensity fever.

Thalberg, having started for the West, was at Utica on Monday night, with the Strakosch and Parodi party. If the high-pressure critics of our great West can praise Miss Heron, what will they say to Thalberg the Magnificent?

All our old friends at the French Theatre in New Orleans have had a jolly season, and the people will not let them separate. This is the true test of criticism. "*Rira bien qui rira le dernier.*"

The Southern troupe of Ravels are very successful at the St. Charles, in New Orleans.

George Jamieson and Annie Senter are doing the spontaneous in Detroit.

Peter Richings and Charlotte are doing the miraculous in Philadelphia, and may be expected here soon.

Miss J. M. Davenport has been doing the discounted in Pittsburgh, and will go to New Orleans on suspicion.

FOREIGN SUMMARY.

Our foreign correspondents enabled us to reap such a crop of European items last week that, in the absence of many fresh arrivals, we are almost without presentable subjects in this department.

Poor Tom Barry's widow, (most famous as Mrs. Campbell, of the City of London Theatre,) will receive any kindness intended for Poor Tom, as their circumstances were quite reduced by his long illness.

The convenience of keeping in debt has been illustrated by Charles Matthews who plays for $80 a week at Drury Lane, but contrives to "owe" Manager Smith £60 a week for old debts when other debtors claim a portion of his salary. Go it, Charley!

A Signor Saffi is doing the democratic in Scotland, after the manner of Kossuth.

Madame Boasio and the "great" Lablache have been engaged by Mr. Gye for the Italian Opera season in London.

☞ "White Hackle" and "Blinker" in our next.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1857.

SOMETHING FOR FIREMEN TO CONSIDER.

THIS class of men are so valuable in a civilized community that we presume to separate a leaf or two occasionally from our philosophy of health for their especial benefit. At this time of year, when warm sunshine and gusty winds make the preservation of health somewhat precarious generally, men who are using constant efforts of self sacrifice upon occasions of hurry and excitement should be cautioned against the risks they incur by overheating and subsequent exposure to chills. We are never likely to forget our noble firemen.

According to superficial observation, the human skin is merely a covering for the sake of comeliness, but science and experience teach that the three skins which cover our anatomy compose, in fact, but one organ of sensibility to touch, activity in expansion and contraction, or depuration by its secretions.

The secretion of perspiration is one of the most important functions in the human economy, and its freedom of evaporation is a positive requirement of health. But the danger is that a sudden chill, by thoughtless neglect, may cause this secretion to strike inwardly; and whoever has once experienced what is usually called "a common cold" must be aware of the constitutional disturbance it produces.

Our gallant firemen, in the hurry of emulative excitement and their unselfish duties, are especially exposed to this characteristic thoughtlessness of self. They rush to a fire at the top of their speed, "wid der mersheen" for a drag, and this is sure to warm them up. By the time they get "well warmed in the harness," they arrive at their destination. Instead of being provided with a spare overcoat or garment of any kind to "keep in the caloric" excited in their systems by the running, they generally throw off more clothes, and thus expose their throats to the wet and cold of their peculiar employment. The results are almost invariably disastrous, for although the constitutional vigor or happy hardihood of the men may apparently enable them to overcome its immediate dangers, the ultimate effects are sure to deteriorate the respiratory organs and gradually involve the digestive apparatus in a general decay of all recuperative power. It is not too much to say that hundreds and thousands of young and ambitiously useful men have thus been sacrificed in our own New York Fire Department, and among that energetic class generally in this country.

On many previous occasions, and last summer especially, we have endeavored to call public attention to the importance of this subject, on the general principles of health and safety, in our articles upon the efficacy of exercise and the utility of training. We are glad to know that those articles were universally approved of, and have saved many a sufferer from injudicious exposure to cold when the pores have been opened by any extraordinary effort of the muscular system or respiratory processes.

Be it remembered, therefore, that after a "smart run," the runner should always cover up his perspiring pores, (even if somewhat cumbersome or inconvenient to the sensations at first,) and gradually cool off his cutaneous surface until the usual equanimity of pulsation is restored or some other active employment has had time to palliate and succeed the great efforts made while running. Why not have the men's coats thrown into the "box" of "der mersheen," and thus "to-ted along" at the same time? We hereby authorize any admirer of our gallant firemen (and that means everybody) to remind them when they arrive, heated up with running to a fire, that they must take the advice of the New York CLIPPER, and protect their health according to the rules of training. A special edict. Obey!

OUR SERMON FOR THE FIRST OF MAY.

THERE always will be a sort of charming magic about the phrase "keeping house," for the meaning is so linked with all our most sacred ideas of "home," yet we have learned a sort of fear now-a-days whenever we approach our most inward citadels of civilization. This fear is rather out of place, for we have long ago upset the tea tax, jerked out the Stamp Act, provided for the Indians, and taught all our manifest enemies to keep at a respectful distance.

Most men would think that when they have paid the bills from market people, grocers, butchers, coal dealers, and so forth, they might sit down in quiet. Most women would think that when they have hired (?) a housemaid, footman, and so forth, they may make up their minds to "keep house" pleasantly. Alas! their troubles are only just beginning, as may be learned in the fact that the staple subject of conversation in matronly meetings is usually the "dreadful trials" they suffer from "the help."

The real remedy for these trials seems to be the last thing thought of. Nevertheless, those angelic creatures who are usually in such a hurry to rush into matrimony will have to perform their duties in the social compact and (dreadful words!) go to work properly. We are obliged to speak thus plainly, as it is not sufficient for helpless ladies to go into the kitchen and scold the "help," because fashionable ignorance only makes servants less respectful, and the trouble is increased.

This is the age of remedies, and we must be candid with our fair friends. The real remedy is for the lady readers of the New York CLIPPER to outshine all competitors by borrowing a leaf or two of its healthful philosophy. When we meet with bad servants, let us remember Hamlet's advice to Polonius about the players—"Use every man after his desert, and who shall 'scape a whipping? Use them after your own honor and dignity. The less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty." We now leave this subject to the graceful tact of our lady friends.

MECHANISM OF THE HORSE'S FOOT.—The Scientific American says the elastic tissue packed within each hoof of a horse is so folded backwards and forwards, that it would present a surface of four feet square were it spread out. Thus his limbs and the entire weight of his body rest on spring cushions packed in boxes.

LEAVES OF LITERARY LEISURE.

THE TRAINING, DISEASES, ETC., OF DOGS.—Upon this very interesting subject Francis Butler has contributed another agreeable volume to our sporting literature. Mr. Butler is already well known as the author of "The Spanish Teacher," "The French Speaker," etc., works which have become standards in their line, and we are always glad to welcome any production of his in the sporting branches of authorship. The work now under consideration is embellished with twenty-nine very spirited illustrations, beautifully drawn for lithography by Thomas Coulson Carpendale, a pupil of the renowned Landseer in England. The descriptive chapters, by Mr. Butler, contain the principal points on all matters in relation to the proper breeding, training, and management of dogs—just the book to delight a dog-fancier and post him up on all kindred subjects. The style is practical and familiar, with such a pleasing degree of condensed instruction as must make the book acceptable and valuable to every class of readers. We believe the price is $1.25, but the purchaser will think nothing of the cost when he finds what a permanent prize he has obtained. Our readers will now please to consider themselves formally introduced to "man's best friend—the dog."

NEW YORK JOURNAL.—The May number of this illustrated quarto makes its appearance with an extra sprinkling of good matter and interesting wood-cuts. The engravings by John W. Orr and N. Orr show how well those fine artists deserve their reputation, and the typography is in keeping with the well-arranged contents. The circulation, we understand, is immense; and yet is constantly increasing under the able direction of its proprietor, Mr. Samuel French, 122 Nassau street.

ENCYCLOPEDIA OF WIT AND HUMOR.—This is a subscription work, published by the Appletons. When we say that William E. Burton, "comedian," is the compiler, that is enough. Issued in parts, admirably illustrated, at 25 cents.

STAMINA OF THOROUGH-BRED HORSES.

EDITOR OF THE CLIPPER—*My Dear Sir*: In your last issue I note your correction of my error in reference to the paternity of the editorial remarks which I attributed to *Americus*.

I had discovered the mistake before seeing your note, having made it owing to the accident, which will sometimes occur *in the best regulated families*, of the number of the CLIPPER referred to having got astray just at the moment when it was needed, and come to hand again at the moment when, my despatch being consigned to the care of Uncle Sam, the error was beyond correction.

To put myself *rectus in curia*, however, I have a few words to say as to that portion of the passage, from Mr. J. Prescott Hall's description of the twenty-mile race, which we both cited, stating that neither of the Eclipse mares—Maria or Trifle—*appeared* to be distressed—

Whereas one of them—Black Maria—as it is stated, a few lines lower, in the same passage, was "for some months but the shadow of herself;" while the other—"Relief—as game a filly as ever started, and true as steel to the last, died within a few weeks, from the effects of a cold and exhaustion."

Now, my dear sir, I desire to point out my object—in correcting what appeared to me an error in your statement that "neither of the Eclipse mares" appeared distressed," unconnected with some explanation, that the appearance was proved to be fallacious, by the long-continued illness of one and the death of another of the parties—arose from no idea of impugning your correctness in quotation, much less of detracting from the character of the wonderfully game and honest animals—little Trifle, no less than her competitors—who struggled to the end through that wonderful, but I must think unjustifiable and cruel, trial of their powers of endurance in doing and suffering.

The tenor of your correspondent's argument, to which your note was appended, goes to show that the English opinion to the effect that races of four miles, repeated through four or five heats, are cruel and unwarrantable, is either, in itself an error, founded on no fact—or, if a fact at all, one only as regarding English horses; which, he insinuates, cannot run repeated four-mile heats, without detriment, while American horses can.

Your note appeared to justify that argument of your correspondent; and, for this reason, I am anxious to call your attention and that of your readers to the true state of the case, which is this—that although while under the immediate excitement of the contest, the gallant animals, which had run twenty miles at, or nearly at, the top of their speed, showed little if any distress; they were all of them seriously damaged and nearly ruined by it.

It is not because I am a Yorkshire Turfman, or because your correspondent depreciates—as I believe erroneously and unreasonably—the English racehorse, that I enter into the consideration.

For, in the first place, it is a matter of no possible moment to me, or to anyone in the world, except the owners of them, whether the English or the American racehorse is truly the superior animal—and, in the second, your correspondent's assuming and asserting that English hores are continually deteriorating, and American horses continually advancing, will neither cause them to do so, nor lead the Turfmen of the old country to any act of despair or self-destruction, in consequence of the sense of laboring under the weight of his contempt.

My reason for addressing you is very different; it arises from my earnest desire to further the turf, in its legitimate ends and objects, which are the improvement of the horse in all its various descriptions, and for all its manifold uses, and to do away with the objections which exist to racing and the turf generally in the minds of many good, wise and not illiberal-minded men, who oppose it chiefly on the score of its cruelty, by doing away with the cause for those objections.

The gravest difficulty, in the removing of the prejudices, lies in the fact that it cannot be wholly denied that they are founded on truth.

For it is true, and *known to be true* to every horse-man, and one would suppose to every man of sense, that all long matches, and *all* matches *against time*, are, and must necessarily be, *cruel*.

They are not the testing of the powers of each, between two brave and high-couraged animals, in which neither can probably sustain any prejudice; but the trying what amount of physical fatigue, and *exertion to accomplish the impossible*, the spirit and game of one animal, with or without (it makes little difference which) the torture of the whip and spur, can induce him to undergo.

To render this clearer, there probably never was any horse in the world to which some other horse in the world could not run a victor, a perfect equal, or a capital second, in a single four miles, without the smallest difficulty, much less danger, to either.

But there *certainly* is some point of time given, or to be given, which no horse can by any possibility, or with any infliction of torture, ever reach.

By the trial of two horses, or a dozen, one against the other, or against the lot, in a four mile race, it is ascertained which is the best horse, and—inasmuch as we know the breeds of the horses—which is the best bred horse of the crowd; and thence we ascertain the fact which is the best stock from which to raise our horses.

This is the end of racing. In no countries wherein no such trials prevail have horses ever preceded, or been produced of eminent qualities of any kind. In exact proportion, as such trials have prevailed in any country, has the horse *there* been improved; and in exact proportion, as such trials have been discouraged or discontinued, has the breed of horses *there* declined.

Now, on the other hand, by matching any one horse against any one given time, nothing is or can be ascertained, except the bare fact that this one horse did the time without dying, did it and died of doing it, or failed to do it, and did, or did not die.

And *whatever time* is done by some one horse, some one reckless, headstrong and greedy man will be found, who will produce some wretched horse, which he will back to exceed that time.

There is someting progressive here, truly! But it is the progression of cruelty.

Because Trustee, who was thorough-bred and a prodigy, performs a miracle, (as it was considered at the time) some forty or fifty wretched animals are started to perform something greater than his feat—ten or twelve die of the effort, twenty or thirty fail, and are withdrawn—*one* does it.

Then we have established another FEAT UNPARALLELED IN THE ANNALS OF TROTTING, *twenty miles and a half within the hour!*

And what then?—Nothing is gained, nothing accomplished! The whole thing is to recommence, "wheel within wheel undrawn"—the last feat unparalleled is to be beaten, and so on *ad infinitum*; it matters not with what agony of animals, with what loss of life, with what deterioration of power even to the few who accomplished it.

The same is precisely the case where two, three or more animals are started to go *against one another* at extraordinary distances, except that, if possible, this is the worse and crueller of the two forms of time-matches. Since the animals are not simply matched to beat time, which it may have been ascertained that they can do by a series of successively increased experiments, but to beat time and one another, also, beyond time.

Consequently if two horses are matched together to go twenty miles, neither, perhaps, expecting to do it in an hour, and one beats Trustee's time, the other must again beat that; and is doubly as likely to be driven to death in beating it, since it is notorious that every horse will make twice the effort when going against a rival horse that he will when going alone.

Now it is claimed, and claimed *truly*, whatever any one may argue to the contrary, that races consisting of four-mile-heats, often repeated, are open to the charge of cruelty.

Where it is a simple match of two horses one against the another, there is rarely room for much cruelty, since two horses are rarely called upon to go above three or four mile-heats; and most thoroughbred horses are capable of doing that, at light weights, without much suffering; although no one who has seen many four-mile-heat races run, and will speak the truth, will deny that he has seen much distress, much suffering, and many horses started to be forced through a third four-miles, either by their own ambitious courage, or by steel and whalebone, when they ought to have been taken home to their stables, nursed with all care, and, perhaps, treated with cordials in order to guard against the exhaustion which follow upon past exertions.

If, however, three or four or more horses be entered, and each in a different heat, and then a dead heat or two follow, all which has happened and may happen again, we may have six or seven four-mile-heats, and a twenty-four, a twenty-eight, or a thirty-two mile race, instead of an unparalleled feat of a twenty-mile-race.

And then, if the horses, sustained by sheer pluck, high blood and dauntless spirit, struggle to the end without actually dying on the ground, we are told that none of them showed any signs of distress—though, perhaps, they all died in a month afterward, or were crippled for life, or only for the short space of one season, from October to the following September.

It will be difficult to induce sober-minded and reasoning men to believe that a system which admits such contingencies as this—even if they do not very often occur, or are not very likely to happen—are not open to a just charge of cruelty.

Or that if cruel, they would be cruel only to poor degenerated English horses, not to Americans, of the identical blood and bone.

To prove that the system is open to such contingencies, the following table will suffice—of running, which I saw myself, and which can easily be authenticated from the books, should any one doubt it.

It occurred at Doncaster, in 1826.

One hundred pound plate for three and four years old. Three, 7st. 5lbs.—113 lbs. Four, 8st. 7 lbs.—119 lbs. Maiden colts allowed 2 lbs. Maiden fillies, 3 lbs. Two mile-heats.

Lord Kelburne's ch. f. Purity, 4 yrs	4 3 1 0 0 1
Mr. Richardson's pr. c. Brownlock, 4 yrs	1 6 2 0 0 2
Sir J. Byng's ch. c. Thales, 3 yrs	5 1 0 3 3 3
Sir Wm. Milner's p. c. by Trump 3 yrs	6 2 3 dr.
Mr. Ridsdale's b. c. by Oscan, 3 yrs	3 4 0 dr.
Duke of Leeds pr. c. Crowcatcher 4 yrs	2 5 dr.

Now here were *six* two-mile-heats won by these despised English horses—and not a horse so good as third rate in the lot, either as to time or as to rank in his year; yet were they wonderfully matched, so much so that in the last heat the race was won by a nose only; and the betting on the grand-stand was in favor of its being a third dead heat, till the judge's dictum was heard.

Of course what has happened at two-mile-heats, could happen at four-mile-heats.

But the twenty-mile race *here was* in itself *cruel*; and there was not one of the owners of those noble mares on the ground who did not own to himself that it was cruel; not one, who would not have withdrawn his mare before the last heat, but for the inborn ambition and dislike to be conquered, which is a part of every real man's character; and not one, who did not bitterly regret thereafter that he had not done so.

And this is the great reason why all races which can be protracted, by contingency, into cruelties, should not prevail—because the kindest men and those the fondest of, and most merciful to, the beast, cannot desist, or withdraw, when the madness of the contest is at its height. How should they, when the contending beasts themselves will not desist, but will struggle onward to the end—

When staggering forward feebly fleet,
They conquer, and then—fall!

For, of all symptoms, the most fallacious is the seeming absence of external distress!

A very highly-bred horse *almost never* shows it. Whether in the hunting-field, in harness, or on the race course, of the horses which die of the exertion, not one in a thousand dies, or even stands still, or falls, on the spot! If it were so, comparatively few would die at all—for even of the most brutal and callous of mankind scarce one could be found who would thrash and spur a visibly beaten horse to death; and if he would, neither on the hunting-field nor on the road, still less on the race-course, would the spectators suffer such a thing.

No! In such cases, nine times out of ten, when the first symptom of distress is seen, it is too late, already. The rider's first knowledge that his horse is sinking, comes when he has sunk, possibly, under him on the field; but usually on the straw of his own stable, after his last work is done, in a state of collapse, from which no cordials shall arouse him.

Rely on it, my dear sir, if we make the signs of visible distress, hung out, the only signal on which we shall cease from urging our steeds to renewal of the contest, we shall find out, when too late, that we have butchered all our bravest ones. For of the thorough bred, in extremity, there is no surer sign than this, that, like the Cardinal Beaufort, "he dies, but makes no sign."

In some future paper, I shall endeavor to show that, whether the American horse be or be not progressing—of which fact, at least as regards Lexington and Lecompte, *versus* Boston and Fashion, some Turfmen, older and better than I, aye! and American Turfmen at that, such as Observer, D. P., and others, whose word is almost law, *have their doubts*—the English Race-horse has not deteriorated of late; but, on the contrary, the best horses England has ever owned, she has, probably, owned within the last few years.

I am yours, &c.,
AN OLD YORKSHIRE TURFMAN.

SPORTING MATTERS ABROAD.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

LONDON, March 27, 1857.

FRIEND QUEEN—The three days of racing at Warwick, (described in my last,) closed with some steeple chases, and were followed immediately on Friday the 20th by the Grand Military and Pytchley Hunt Steeple Chases at Brixworth, about six miles from Northampton. Surely the pastures of Brixworth must have their fame with you for they are well known as the scene where the largest purse for sweepstakes was ever run, about seventeen years ago, when six horses started with an entrance fee of one hundred sovereigns each; and, besides, this strip of "country" is so intimately connected with the exploits of the Pytchley Hounds.

Northampton was considerably lively. Trains from the north brought visitors from the meeting just closed at Warwick, and those from the south brought multitudes from London. The cars furnished a pleasant ride, but the six miles from Northampton to Brixworth gave some idea of "roughing it," especially as the morning was rainy. People had no time to make bets, after leaving the comfortable rooms of the George Hotel in Northampton.

These steeple chases had attracted as much attention as the Northamptonshire Stakes at the regular Spring Meeting. The farmers of the county contributed 50 sovs. to the pool for the Military Steeple Chase, and the military men presented a handsome silver tea-service to the winner of the Farmers' Steeple Chase. The rain held up, a dry cold wind set in from the east, and the sport began.

The Farmers' Steeple Chase, (3 miles, 21 subs., 17 starters,) was a victory for Mr. C. Hewett's Acorn, with Mr. Daniels's The Rector second. The Officers' Sweepstakes, (3 miles, 16 subs., 13 starters,) fell to Lieut. Blundell's Horniblow, with Lieut. Coates's Massa Mungo second, and the winner netted 243 sovs., clear of champagne and all deductions. The Grand Military Gold Cup, (3 miles, 13 subs., 9 starters,) with a sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, fell to Ensign Craven's Johnny Raw, with Lieut. Day's The Despised second. The Welter Stakes (3 miles, 9 subs., 4 starters,) went to Lieut. Blundell's Horniblow, with Lieut. Hunt's Sir Charles Napier second. The Farmers' and Tradesmen's Steeple Chase, (3 miles, 11 subs., 8 starters,) was a victory for Mr. Tresham's Miss Knight, with Mr. Jackson's Veterinary second. The Veteran Stakes, (3 miles, 3 subs., 2 starters,) fell to Capt. E. R. King's Don Quixote in a canter.

This was a very enthusiastic meeting, for it not only brought out the farmers, the tradesmen, and the military, but it was an occasion when the military of France were admitted on the most favorable terms to contend with their late Crimean allies. Several French sportsmen were present, and the Duc de Grammont as well as Count Talon took great interest in the proceedings. The fact that Count de Cunchy's French horse Jean du Quesne, by Coranna, won in the Grand National Steeple Chase at Doncaster and again last week in the Handicap Hurdle Race at Warwick, (coupled with the recent excitement about the American horses owned by Mr. Ten Broeck,) created much interest to see what the Frenchmen would "cut up next" at Brixworth. Count Talon belongs to the Chasseurs d'Afrique, and is a fine specimen of active cavalry officers. He rode a brown horse named Windsor in the Officers' Sweepstakes, and is a lumping 12-stone rider with a good hunting style of seat. He got thrown during the "cannonade" at the first brook, and bore "taking the starch out" like a Trojan. Windsor is a fine horse for a hunt or steeple chase, and did his best to make up for lost time, but had to give in at the last fence but one, and return home with Lieut. Handlay's Beware. The last fence but one was fatal to Lieut. Hay's Tatly, (ridden by Sir W. Gordon,) for the horse fell and broke his back. It was one of those desperate "cross country" runs where the devil is almost certain to take the hindmost. The jumping was lively, but the falling was sure to be dangerous. Count Talon is one of those men who can take defeat or success with equal nonchalance, and has made his name respected throughout Europe as the winner (and rider) who took Marshal Pelissier's prize for horses of all nations while in the Crimean. The French people seem determined to win fame on the pigskin, and it is quite natural that their splendid cavalry officers would be the first to distinguish themselves. The Spring Meeting at La Marche in France was very spirited this year, and I will send some items if I can make room.

There were but three events on the card at La Marche, and I may as well give the results at once, lest they escape my mind. The Welter Stakes, (1¼ mile, 10 subs., 7 starters,) went to Count d' Hédouville's ch. h. Gagne-Petit, (ridden by Viscount de St. Roman,) with Prince de Beauvau's Fidelity second. The Opening Steeple Chase, (2½ miles, 7 subs., 5 starters,) resulted in a win for Mr. Manby's The Dean, with Count de Loire's Laura. The Hurdle Race and 100 Franc Sweepstakes, (1¼ mile, 7 subs., 5 starters,) was a win for Count Talcon's Kilkenny Boy, (brought from England two days previously, and ridden by the owner,) with Count d' Hédouville's Gagne-Petit. Sunday is the usual racing day in France. Mr. Mackenzie Grieves acted as steward. The 19th of April is to be the next display. Mons. J. Caizac d'Auxonne is the originater and proprietor. The Jockey Club at Paris have the management of entries and all preliminaries. It has been suggested that perhaps Mr. Ten Broeck will enter some horses during the summer at La Marche.

Now for Northampton again, at the Pythley Hunt Races on the 25th and 26th March. The first day was damp and gusty. Flacrow made a tremendous burst (ridden by Sam Rogers) for the Trial Stakes, with Huntington second. Fisherman went at a killing pace for the "Guineas," alias Her Majesty's Plate, and was ridden by Wells, the recently married, and followed closely by Malacca. The Great Northamptonshire Stakes fall to St. Giles, with Skirmisher second. The Whittlebury Stakes fell to Gemma di Vergy, with Volatore second. The Stand Plate went to Huntington, with Jack the Giant Killer second. The Pytchley Stakes fell to Spinet, with Hardwick second. The Nene Stakes fell to Landamia, with Tame Deer second.

Thursday's fun began with the Cup Stakes, for which Amati "walked in" successfully, with Companion second. The Althorp Stakes fell to Eurydice, with Happy Land second. The Earl Spencer Plate resulted in a dead heat between Cumberland and Peter Flat, who divided the stakes. The Delapre Handicap brought in Stormsail, with Affghan second. The St. Liz Handicap was led by Saraband, with Hospitality second. The Racing Stakes fell to Gemma di Vergy, with St. Giles second. Thus has begun the crack racing of the turf season.

Birmingham had some spirited steeple chases on Tuesday last, (24th.) The Sutton Run was a victory for Weston, with May Day second. The Grand Annual was won by Sting, with Forest Queen second. The Hunt Cup went to Maley, with Freedom second. The Scurry Handicap was headed by Evington Lass, with Weston second. The Selling Run did not produce a race.

The parliamentary canvass has somewhat thinned out the scarlet coats among the Meltonians, but the hounds and runs generally are as lively as usual. Joe Maiden and that "American leg" are out once a week, Will Goodall is getting better, and Mr. Gilmore talks of coming out soon. Fields and race grounds are all alive. Several important meetings next week.

Among the yachtmen there is a general scrubbing up. The London Yacht Club have had a meeting for matches; and Commodore Goodson, with nearly all the previous officers and committees, have been re-elected. The University crews from Oxford and from Cambridge will row their eight-oared match on the 3d of April, from Mortlake to Putney, so that the Londoners may once more see what the blue cravats can do. The Prince of Wales Yacht Club will make an opening trip from the Folly House on the 9th April, and it is expected that the heir apparent to the throne will "jine in" the exercises of the day—the sail as well as the dinner, this time.

The sports at the universities are generally interesting, and the foot races at Cambridge lately have made much talk among the rustic competitors. The prize for the high jump was given to Mr. Webb, of Pembroke College, who cleared five feet five inches. The hundred-yard race was won by Mr. Wilkinson, of St. John's, in ten seconds, while running with a chum named Jackson. The long jump was a tie between Mr. Burke, of Trinity, and Mr. Webb, of Pembroke, 19 feet 6 inches being cleared. Mr. Hayler, of St. John's, ran a half-mile in 2 min. 23 sec. A mile was ran by Mr. Fisher, of St. John's, in 5 min. 10 sec. Mr. Wilkinson also made a quarter-mile run in a little less than a minute. Putting the weight, hurdle jumping, and sack racing, made plenty of fun.

LEATHERSTOCKING.

SPORTING IN CALIFORNIA.

COURSING MATCH.—By the George Law, we learn that the Sacramento County Club had just held its first meeting, of two days, when a very brilliant and exciting affair came off from the emulation exisiting between the two great kennels of the county—Sacramento and Cache Creek.

The Sacramento Union says:—The meeting took place at Dr. Pugh's ranch, or 12 Mile House, on the Stockton road, where, at 11 A. M. ninety-two horsemen, two double teams, and three buggies had assembled. The judges being chosen—Capt. Schultz, Mr. I. Adamson and Mr. D. O. Brown—and all being in readiness, the Master Callahan sounded the call to girth up; his last admonition was to stick to pig's skin, which by some was quite unheeded and certainly a finer sight has seldom been witnessed in California—the dogs in leash first, attended by their respective owners, the judges about ten yards behind, and twenty yards farther back was the whole pile stretching in one line about a quarter of a mile.

"All went merry as a marriage bell," enhanced by the charming weather and the large sprinkling of red coats that graced the field.

The first dogs that were called to the brush were Richard's "Jane," and Callahan's "Cora," which had not proceeded far when puss started. "Hold hard, gentlemen; don't ride over the dogs," shouted the master. But no use; horses were made to go, when puss placed the dogs quite safe from such danger by taking a ditch and fence which brought the field to a halt. "Jane" first through, and fifty yards in advance; no help for it round the enclosure all must go, and on the other side puss was found stretched, and with "Jane" standing over, and "Cora" at rest, being badly cut inside the leg getting through the fence. This heat was given to "Jane." We must postpone an account of the following heats, the Secretary not having completed the account.

The ground was rather soft after the late rains, and "Black Hawk," ridden by Mr. Wm. Brown, came to earth with a complete somersault, throwing his rider, heavily but luckily escaped by leaving his measure on the turf. Mr. Adamson did not get off so easy. His horse footed a barrow, throwing his rider heavily, and falling on his shoulder. He was severely hurt, but with those two exceptions, everything passed off harmoniously and pleasantly, and may we soon see another such meeting.

We were glad to observe Dr. Burnam and Mr. Venhardt from Cache Creek, and several gentlemen from the mountains with their fast dogs, and hope to have another brush with them ere long.

Another club is about to be formed at Cache Creek who have selected dincoln green for their uniform. The Sacramento Club have adopted the red.

The following are the prizes awarded in the above match:

Lady Franklin, 10 months old, Castle owner, Sacramento—1st prize.

Victoria, 4 years old, imported from England, Roger owner, Sacramento—2d prize.

Beauty, 22 years old, Machkelm owner, Live Oak City—2d prize.

DUCK HUNTING DANGEROUS SPORT.—On Wednesday Messrs Norman Crane, George F. Crane and E. Pierpoint accompanied by an oarsman, went down to the mouth of Otter Creek on a ducking excursion, in a small boat belonging to Capt. Andrews. The remarkable change in the weather shortly after 12 M., threatening a hard blow, accompanied by rain and snow, was not perceived by them, hemmed in as they were by the mountains. So genial was the temperature of the atmosphere a few moments before the snow squall struck them in its fury that they were with their hats off. Suddenly the sky darkened, and in a moment the blinding storm was upon them. The wind swept across their ice-bound bay almost directly in their teeth, and the sea broke over their little cockleshell of a boat every moment. The sudden change of temperature completely chilled them through, and the spray as it struck them turned to ice on their clothes. Their condition was forlorn in the extreme, being half a mile from the shore, and nothing but that desperation with which a man will work for life, saved them from a watery grave. As it was, they succeeded in reaching home a little after dark, almost prostrated by their exposure and efforts at self-protection. We believe they are all well to-day.—*Vergennes Citizen, 3d.*

MAINE HORSES FOR TENNESSEE.—Our neighbor, Wm. Beale, of Winthrop, has sold the Messenger Morgan Horse, perhaps better known in Maine as the "Eaton Horse," to a Society in Tennessee. He also sold to the same, a two year old stud colt and two fillies of the same breed, and they are now on their way to their new home. We congratulate our Tennessee brethren on this new accession to their breed of horses. They will make a capital cross with their blood mares. The colts sired by the "Eaton Horse" are among the very best roadsters in Maine, if not in New England; and no horse, since the days of the Old Winthrop Messenger has got so many fleet trotters. They are large, well made, and possess great powers of endurance, or "bottom," as horsemen say. We are sorry to have him go from Maine, but there are many good sons of his siring left, and some of them will make his place good.

[Augusta (Me.) Farmer.

A GRAND HUNTING EXCURSION.—A grand hunting excursion is now being organized in the nothern part of this State, by a number of the disciples of Nimrod, to start in the month of June next to the Moose River Lakes, in Herkimer, Lewis and Hamilton counties. Rules are made out by which parties of twenty-five each may be organized, and other rules which unite them in the general band, and give them the advantage of a commot and lordly commissariat. The trip is to last two weeks and the expenses of each individual are set down at $25. The subscriptions are to close in April, in the way of preliminary deposits of $5, with W. M. Needham, Treasurer, at Utica.

HIGH PRICE OF A JACK.—Thos. W. Lewis, Esq., residing on the line of this county, in Clark, on Saturday last sold his Jack, Moro Castle, eight years old, fifteen hands high, imported by the Mason County Importing Company, for the sum of $5,000 to M. W. Mays, of Maury county, Tennessee. This is the highest price we have ever known paid for an animal of the kind in these parts. This jack took the premium at the State Fair here last fall.—*Paris (Ky.) Flag.*

SHORT PASSAGE TO AUSTRALIA.—By a late arrival from Australia, we learn that the steamship *Simla* had arrived at Sidney from Southampton in 51 days, stopping once to coal, being the shortest passage ever made. The *Oneida* made the run in 53 days, having lost three days in stoppages. These boats consumed about 2,500 tons of coal each. The *Great Eastern*, building at London, can take coal enough on board, it is said, to last her out to Australia and back.

FOREIGN SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

From Bell's Life in London, March 22, 1857.

THE RING.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.—THE TIPTON SLASHER AND TOM SAYERS.—Another deposit of £10 a side for this important match was made at Dan Dismore's on Wednesday last.

FIGHTS FOR TO-MORROW (MONDAY).—FLANNERY AND NOLAN.—These Birmingham men have made their money, £10 a side, good to the stakeholder, Mr. Tailby, for their fight, which comes off to-morrow (Monday) at catch weight, within thirty miles of home. Jemmy Welsh's Teddy and Conner also contend at catch weight, for £10 a side, to-morrow (Monday,) at an early hour, within thirty miles of home.

NORTON AND SULLIVAN.—These lads were to have fought on Monday last, Norton staking £10 to £5, and betting that he would win in half an hour. On reaching the ground, however, no referee could be agreed upon, and hence the combatants and their friends returned as they went. We have received visits from both parties during the week, and each throws the blame on the other. It is, of course, impossible for us to decide which is in the right. They must either agree to meet on a future day or draw. The backer of Sullivan has proposed that we should name a referee, which we shall be glad to do, if Norton and Co. will agree. The backer of Norton says he laid an even bet that Sullivan's backer did not get the stakes. This bet is tantamount to a bet on the result, and we consider it to be off.

CAMPBELL AND HATTON.—A further deposit of £2 10s a side between these men was made at Mr. Stebbing's, Bull's Head, York street, Westminster, on Tuesday. The last of £2 a side is to be staked at Jem Cross's, Royal Oak, East-lane, Greenwich, on Tuesday next. On the subject of the match we have received the following from Jem Cross:—"Sir: The money now down for the fight between Jesse Hatton and my novice (Jem Campbell) I consider, for my own credit, should be forfeited rather than the public should be deceived. I believe that Campbell has not followed my instructions preparatory to going into training, and am certain that he is not in a fit state to enter the ring. I have had medical advice, and the gentleman attending him states that there is every appearance of his having been drugged. Whether this be the case, or it results from his own imprudence, I know not; but sooner than lose the good name I now bear the public, by allowing them to be deceived, I would forfeit the money, together with the expenses I have already incurred. I wish to caution the public against backing Campbell; but as there is only one more small deposit to be put down, I shall go on with the match, on the chance that Campbell may get himself fit to enter the ring. I am, sir, your obedient servant, JAMES CROSS."

COBLEY AND CROCKETT.—Another deposit of £5 a side between these heroes was made at Alec Keene's, on Tuesday last. £50 a side is now down, and Crockett and Cobley have both gone into training.

HAYES AND TRAVERS.—Another deposit of £5 a side for this match was made.

PEDESTRIANISM.

AMATEUR WALKING MATCH.—On Monday last Capt. Horton Rhys undertook to walk 25 miles in five hours, for £100, at Warwick. The gallant captain, attended by Charles Westhall, the pedestrian, started at twelve o'clock, and walked with great courage and endurance for 13 miles, at which time the captain was 13 minutes ahead of time, having walked each mile in 11 minutes. The betting at this period was 2 to 1 on the man, after which the captain gradually gave way, and despite his most strenuous and determined efforts, Westhall thought it necessary and proper to stop him at the 19¾ miles, the captain hardly being able to stand, and being behind his time, having to walk the last five miles in the hour, and dead beat.

ONE HUNDRED MILE WALKING MATCH.—Articles of agreement have been entered into between Mr. J. Messenger of Newcastle, on the one part, and Mr. George Douglas Guthrie of the same place, on the other; the said G. D. Guthrie staking £30 to J. Messenger's £100, that he, the said G. D. Guthrie, walks 100 miles in twenty-four successive hours, to commence the feat on Monday, the 30th inst., at twelve o'clock at noon.

PUDNEY AND LEVETT RE-MATCHED.—Levett being obliged to forfeit £45 in the late match between him and Pudney, created much disappointment amongst metropolitan pedestrians, as the match had been fixed to come off on Monday last. It appears that Levett sprained his foot while training, and was unable to run. He offered £20 for a postponement, but the backers of Pudney insisted on a forfeit, which the latter will receive. A fresh engagement, however, has been entered into between the parties, for they have now contracted to run ten miles, for £20 a side, on Monday, the 13th of April.—*Era.*

AQUATICS.

TRIAL MATCH BETWEEN THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY CREW AND A SCRATCH EIGHT.—In order to give the Oxford crew an opportunity of bringing out their rowing powers, a scratch eight was made up on Wednesday afternoon to row against them from the Long Bridges to the winning-post. The University eight started from Iffley, and upon coming up to the scratch crew, which lay on the Berkshire side, the tug of war commenced, and as good a race as ever was witnessed took place. The Scratch Eight, who were of course somewhat fresher than their opponents, who had rowed from Iffley in quick time, soon took a slight lead, which they maintained for some distance. The superior training of the University crew, who had kept about the same pace throughout the race, soon began to tell upon the Scratch, who gallantly struggled to continue the lead. Upon reaching Saunders' Bridge the University eight had obtained a lead of a boat's length, which they doubled on reaching the winning-post.

The rowing of the University crew, who were steered by the builder of their boat, Taylor, of Newcastle, was the theme of general admiration.

The following are the names of the gentlemen composing the scratch eight:—Phipps, Pembroke; Bryans, Brasenose; Rogers, Brasenose; Rocke, Christ Church; Austen, Magdalen; Halcomb, Wadham; Short, W. F., New College; Salmon, Exeter, stroke; and Fursdon, coxswain.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EXTRAORDINARY FEAT IN SALMON FISHING.—An extraordinary feat was performed by William Purves, Esq., of Linton Burnfoot, on Thursday, March the 5th, in Sunlaws water, on the River Teviot. Mr. Purves went out in the early part of the day, and after fishing for three hours only, killed eight fish, weighing 120lb. What was most remarkable was, that this large "creelful" was captured with seven minnows! The average weight of the fish killed was 15lb., but the following are the actual weights: one fish, 26lb.; two fishes, 20lb.; two fishes, 14lb.; one fish, 12lb.; two fishes, 7lb.; total, 120lb. Of the fish thus captured, three were baggits, and near the spawning—an additional proof, if any were wanted, that it would be highly advantageous to extend the close time. This, we believe, to be the largest "take" on the Teviot in the same length of time.—[*Kelso Mail.*

NOVEL FEAT.—A feat of great novelty will take place on the 24th inst., at 2 o'clock, P. M., at Mr. Bradshaw's, the Hampshire Hog, Redcross Street, Borough. A man fifty years of age, for a bet of £5, is to accomplish the following feats: First, to set up the nine pins, fetch the ball, and knock them down sixty times without the assistance of any person; then to leave the above house and run over the six bridges, viz: London, Southwark, Blackfriars, Waterloo, Hungerford and Westminister, and return to the above house in the space of two hours.

EXTRAORDINARY GREYHOUND LEAP.—On Wednesday last, when W. M. Redfern, Esq., was coursing on the estate of Cleghorn, N. B., his brindled dog Highland Brigade struck at a hare on the edge of the crag overhanging the River Monso, sprung over with his prize into the river, (a depth of 80 feet,) and strange to relate, came ashore unscathed, leaving pussy floating down the stream.

STILL LATER.

From Bell's Life in London, March 29, 1857.

THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME.

APR. 13.—Gilliam and Mottle—£10 a side, near Portsmouth.
14.—Hatton and Campbell—£20 a side, London.
14.—Caledonian Mouse and Bell—£10 a side, London.
22.—Cobley and Crockett—£100 a side, London.
MAY 12.—Hayes and Travers—£100 a side, London.
JUN. 16.—The Tipton Slasher and Tom Sayers—£200 a side and the Champion's Belt, London.
23.—Dan Morris and Brooks—£50 a side, London.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.—SAYERS AND THE TIPTON SLASHER.—A further deposit of £10 a-side between these heroes was made on Tuesday, at Mr. Jackson's, King's Head, King Street Mews, Grosvenor Square, in the presence of an immense number of the patrons of pugilism. The Slasher is the favorite in the betting, but at present, little speculation has taken place, the friends of Sayers requiring two to one.

FIGHT NEAR BIRMINGHAM.—TEDDY (JEMMY WELSH'S NOVICE) AND CONNOR, OF BIRMINGHAM.—At the early hour of eight, on Monday morning, near the Cape at Smethwick, three miles from Birmingham, was congregated a pretty good muster to witness the fight between the above named men, for £10 a-side at catch weight. Both are well known in the Midland districts as having contended in the ring with varied success. Teddy having been successful in his two last encounters, was the favorite at 7 to 4. He is a compact, well-made young fellow, standing 5ft. 4in., weight, 8st. 12lb., and a heavy left-handed hitter. Connor's weight is 9st. 3lb., and his height, 5ft. 6in. An excellent ring was kept, the men were well seconded, and in first-rate condition; no time was lost in getting to work. In the second round Teddy drew first blood, by planting a slashing hit over the right eye of Connor, from which the claret flowed copiously. In the 9th round he caught him on the right side of the nob, and sent him to grass. As the fight progressed, it was evident that Connor had not a chance, for he could not get home with any effect, and after contending for 25 minutes, in which 15 rounds were got through, Connor's left ogle being closed, and his right damaged; his friends gave in. Teddy being declared the winner.

ANOTHER BATTLE—NOLAN AND FLANNERY OF BIRMINGHAM.—These men met on Monday, near the Bell Inn, at Northfield, four miles from Birmingham, to fight at catch weight, for $10 a side. Both have figured in the Ring, previous to the present encounter, for small sums. An excellent ring was formed by Commissary Giles, and the men were attended by well-known seconds. Each was in first-rate condition. Betting commenced at 2 to 1 on Flannery. The men got to work at once, and in the third round Nolan got first blood from the nasal organ, and the knock-down blow in the 8th round. At the 10th round they were disturbed by the police. A move was at once made further on to the Rubery Hills, four miles and a half from Bromsgrove, in Worcestershire, when a ring was again formed, and the men were then set to work. At the end of the first hour Nolan began in earnest, and seriously damaged both peepers. Flannery, although a game chicken, had not a shadow of a chance with Nolan, who was steady at his work, and countered his man with great steadiness. After fighting one hour and a half Flannery's friends wished him to give in, seeing he had not a chance, but he would not hear of being withdrawn, so the contest continued. Flannery persevered in struggling on, in hopes of a foul blow, but Nolan was cautious not to throw a chance away, and at last Flannery's friends, after a fight of two hours and 10 minutes, in which 95 rounds were got through, threw up the sponge in token of defeat. It is but due to Flannery to state that he took his punishment unflinchingly, and although a loser, has proved himself a game lad. The stakes were handed over to Nolan.

BOB BRETTLE AND MIKE MADDEN.—These men met on Wednesday, at Harry Orme's, and on Friday at our office, and have staked a small deposit; and agreed to meet at Bob Brettle's, White Lion, Digbeth, on Tuesday week, to draw articles. Madden is to receive £5 to go to Birmingham. They fight at 10st 3lb, in the London district. This long mooted affair, therefore, has now every prospect of being amicably arranged.

CHARLEY LYNCH will fight Stamp of Norwich for £10 a side, at catch weight. Money ready at Mr. Wibrow's, Catherine Wheel-square, Bishopsgate.

PEDESTRIANISM.

TEN MILE FOOT RACE.—COOK AND FERGUSON.—The 10 miles match between these pedestrians, for £25 a side, came off at Garratt-lane, Wandsworth, on Monday last. Cook was the decided favorite, his backers freely offering 5 to 4 on his proving the victor; but, so far as matters came under our observation, very little money changed hands on the occasion. After the usual shameful and unnecessary delay, the men took up their position at the scratch, and, as it was stipulated in the articles that Ferguson was to have a start of two minutes, no sooner was the signal for moving given than away he bounded, and such good use did he make of his time, that, ere the expiration of the two minutes he had gone over a lap and one stretch of the course, or about 700 yards. The time for Cook to leave the scratch having arrived, off he dashed at a rapid pace, in a style that reminded us of his palmiest days. From the very commencement he, bit by bit, reduced the gap betwixt himself and his opponent, and at the end of the second mile he had gained at least a hundred yards upon him. The odds now were 2 and 3 to 1 on Cook, who evidently had the race in his hands. He, however, proceeded at no very rapid pace, judiciously keeping well within himself. Ferguson, on the contrary, had outrun his powers, and showed symptoms of distress. At the termination of the 26th lap, Cook was not more than a dozen yards behind his antagonist, and the practised eye could easily tell it was all up with Ferguson. In the 27th lap Cook took the lead, but allowed his man to regain the foremost position in the 28th and 29th. In the 30th and last lap, however, Cook rattled past his adversary, and reached the goal an easy winner, Ferguson resigning the contest when within about 100 yards from home, so completely exhausted that his friends had to carry him off the field. Time, 1h 4m 23sec.

PEDESTRIAN FEAT.—A remarkable feat of pedestrianism was accomplished a few days since by Mr. George Lovett, son of James Lovett, Esq., of Cricklede, he having started on foot from London at five o'clock in the morning, and reached his brother's residence in Cricklede at two the following morning, being a distance of seventy-six miles in twenty-one hours, with only two halts, or nearly four miles an hour. He was wholly unhabituated to tasks of this kind, but nevertheless he quickly recovered form the slight effects of his long walk.—*Era.*

AN EXTRAORDINARY RUNNING MATCH took place on the turnpike-road near the East Hants Ground, Southsea, near Portsmouth, on Saturday afternoon, March 21st, for £10 a side, between Mr. H. A. Read of London, and an officer of the 90th Regiment, in the Portsmouth Garrison, the officer to run 100 yards forward and Read 70 yards backwards, which the latter performed in gallant style, winning by 14 yards.

PUDNEY AND LEVETT.—It appears that this race is, after all, doomed to come to nothing. Pudney duly posted his deposit of £10 on Friday evening, but up to the time of going to press nothing had been heard of his opponent.

THE TURF.

STARTLING TURF DISCLOSURES.—An extraordinary sensation has been created in racing circles, during the past week, by the disclosure of many acts of dishonesty on the part of a jockey, which have been attended with the most disastrous results to those who, placing the most implicit confidence in his honesty, employed him. The circumstances of the case are as follows, and in order that the innocent may not be condemned for the guilty, we have no reserve in laying before our readers the true facts of this hideous blot on the morality of the Turf. The delinquent's name is John Quinton, and it will be recollected that on the second day of Brighton Races, last year, the suspicious manner in which he rode Theodora when beaten by Manganese for the Champagne Stakes, led to an open expression of opinion that he had "pulled" her; and so strong was the current of public opinion upon the subject that Mr. Hargreaves, the owner of the mare, thought it only prudent to publish a statement of the bets he had on the race, which appeared in our columns, and to deny in the strongest terms, any participation in Theodora's defeat. Quinton's excuse—that the mare "died away to nothing in his hands"—was accepted with some degree of misgiving, we admit, by the public; and the matter appeared to have dropped until within a short period of the present time, when Mr. Robinson, his chief employer, having reason to be dissatisfied with several of his races, made a strict investigation into his conduct, and extracted from him a confession that he had not only "pulled" Theodora, but also several horses of his own, and other gentlemen; and that he was instigated to do so by an individual resident at Birmingham, who, for some time past, has been obliged to keep outside the Ring. A large London betting man's name is also freely mixed up with the matter. It is to be hoped that the Jockey Club will take up the case if it is brought before them, and make such an example of the delinquents as will effectually check a recurrence of such infamous practices hereafter.

AQUATICS.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE GREAT EIGHT-OARED BOAT RACE.—The time now draws very close when the flower of the two great Universities are to contend for this year's mastery on the London river. This race is annually looked forward to as the greatest of all rowing matches, which, indeed, it is, and this race may properly be said to begin the rowing season. Amateurs are now at the highest excitement—the rowing of the rival crews is eagerly watched—any slight alteration to the weights is readily noted down—boats are inspected—money is laid out, &c., while at the same time steamers are being chartered—among the lower orders bets are being made to the utmost they can afford down to a "pot"—and watermen are anxiously looking forward to a time which will bring them in some money, after having laid by so quietly during the winter season.

Both crews have now been in practice above a month, and the rowing of both is decidedly beautiful. They are, heavier, if anything, than last year's crews, but that fact does not at all hinder them or cause any surmises. New boats have been built for each of them this year, both of which have been turned out in the best possible style—Matthew Taylor (of Newcastle) having built that of the Oxonians, and Salter (of Wandsworth) that of the Cantabs.

The race will be on Saturday next shortly before midday, and will be rowed from Putney to Mortlake.

Since we first gave the names of those who are about to contend, we are happy to say there has been no alteration except in the places in which they sat, and we now hasten to place before our readers the crews as they now sit in their boats.

OXFORD.

		st	lb
1..	Mr. R. W. Risley, Exeter College	11	4
2..	" P. Gurdon, University	11	2
3..	" J. Arkell, Pembroke	11	2½
4..	" R. Martin, Corpus	12	2¼
5..	" W. H. Wood, University	12	2
6..	" E. Warre, Balliol	12	8
7..	" A. P. Lonsdale, Balliol	12	4
8..	" J. T. Thorley, Wadham	10	2
	" F. W. Elers (Steerer), Trinity	9	2

CAMBRIDGE.

		st	lb
1..	Mr. A. P. Holme, Trinity	11	10½
2..	" A. Benn, Emmanuel	11	8½
3..	" W. H. Holley, Trinity Hall	11	11
4..	" A. L. Smith, Trinity	11	11
5..	" J. J. Sargeantson, Trinity	13	5
6..	" R. L. Lloyd, Magdalene	12	5½
7..	" P. P. Pearson, St. John's	11	8
8..	" H. Snow, St. John's	11	13
	" R. Wharton (Steerer), Magdalene	9	4

[Era.

ROYAL LONDON YACHT CLUB.—The yacht clubs are coming out this year in full force, and with such a variety of first-rate prizes as will, or, at any rate, ought, to command immense sport. The only set-off to this is that some of the craft out are such rippers that nothing is said to be able to touch them; but this truly might also have been said in days of yore, when about the best thing out was the Lady Louisa, a sixteen tonner, which nothing for a time could touch. The Royal Thames magnificent list of prizes has been followed by a comparatively equally liberal one from the Royal London, which, with the fixtures are as follows:—

FIRST MATCH, THURSDAY, JUNE 18, from Erith, to the Nore Light and back; for yachts of the first and second class; prizes in the former—a piece of plate, value £30, for the first boat; £20 prize for the second; £10 prize for the third; second class, £20, £10, and £5 prizes; time allowance as usual. Entries to close at ten at night a week previously.

SECOND MATCH, THURSDAY, JULY 2d, from Erith to Coal House Point and back to Greenwich; for yachts of the third class; a piece of plate, value £15, for the first boat; a prize of £10 for the second; and £5 for the third.—*Era.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

EXTRAORDINARY MATCH AT DOMINOES.—PERKINS VS. BISHOP.—On Monday last, William Perkins, of Leeds, and Thomas Bishop, of Sheffiield, (both blind men,) met at Mr. George Derwent's, the Jolly Waggoner Inn, Nursery Street, Sheffield, to play their long talked-of match at dominoes, with double sixes, eleven pieces each, either getting the first 21 chalks to be the winner. The stakes were £10 a-side, Bishop allowing his opponent £1 for expenses. The match, from the well-known celebrity of the players, caused a great deal of excitement, and drew together an unusual number of visitors. Perkins, who won the lay-down, won the 1st, 5th, 7th, 11th, 12th, 15th, 17th, 22d, 23d, 24th, 25th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 31st, 33d, 35th, 37th, 38th, 39th and 40th chalks, winning the game by two only. Bishop got the 2d, 3d, 4th, 6th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 13th, 14th, 16th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 26th, 30th, 32d, 34th and 36th chalks—total, 19. From this it will be seen that some good play took place, Perkins getting the last four chalks. Bishop played extremely well, keeping the lead from the 4th down to the 38th.

WRESTLING MATCH, LANCASHIRE FASHION, "CATCH AS CATCH CAN," FOR £100 A-SIDE.—George Swithenbank, (of Saddleworth,) and William Swann, (of Ashton-under Lyne,) are matched for the sum named, to wrestle on the 11th of May, at the Higginshaw Race Ground, the majority of three fair back falls.

THE TURF.

METAIRIE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

SPRING MEETING, 1857.

[In our last we gave a report of the first day's race of this meeting, but in order to render a complete report of the entire week's sport in this No. we re-publish the summary of the first day's business.]—ED. CLIP.

FIRST DAY.—SATURDAY, April 4.—J. C. purse $250—two miles out.

A. K. Richard's b. c. own brother of Flying Dutchman, 3 years. [Wm. Rash] 1
Thomas J. Wells's b. g. Bill Fisher, by imp. Sovereign, out of Margaret Edna, 3 years 2
A. Lecomte & Co.'s br. m. Release, by Bethune, out of Alice Carneal, 5 years 3

TIME.

First mile, 1:52; second mile, 1:52. Total, 3:44.

SAME DAY.—Sweepstakes for 3 years olds. Subscription $300, forfeit $100—$500 added by the club. Two mile heats:

D. F. Kenner's b. c. Minnehaha, by Mahomet, out of Kate Aubrey 1 1
Thomas J. Wells's b. g. Moise, by Capt. Elgee, dam by Ruby 2 2
C. P. Coyle's b. g. Marksman ..... pd ft.

TIME.

First Heat.		Second Heat.	
First Mile	1:51¼	First Mile	1:47
Second Mile	1:51⅝	Second Mile	1:53
Total	3:43	Total	3:40

SECOND DAY.—There were so many pleasing and gratifying incidents belonging to yesterday's sport, that we may be pardoned if in partaking of the general excitement we omit much that may be proper and pleasant to note. The day was, perhaps, a little too *North*-ish in the city, and the morning breeze slightly too cool, but as the day advanced the wind abated, and when the hour for the race arrived, a more delightful, balmy atmosphere was never breathed. The rain of Sunday night had destroyed the dust, and the ride to the course was bracing and exhilarating. We reached the course a little later than is our wont, and we were both delighted and astonished at the sight which the stands and field presented. The ladies' stand was well ornamented with a fair proportion of the fairer sex. The club stand was well filled with familiar and jocund faces, and the public stand showed that the "dear public" had found out there was to be a capital race, and they did not intend to lose the chance of seeing it; and they have every reason to congratulate themselves that some one has awakened them to the alternative of going to the Metairie to see good racing, or staying at home to regret it. A more excited and delighted body of spectators than those of yesterday's race were never assembled upon a race course.

The race for the purse, three mile heats, was the innocent cause of all the anguish, the entries for which were Whale, a Voucher colt, who had never been beaten; Red Jacket, from Mobile, where he had shown himself no contemptible rival; and a colt by Sovereign, whose mammy, Lucy Dashwood, had upon the same ground, years gone by, been too fleet for the fleetest.

The first named was the favorite of the field, at one hundred to seventy-five and no inconsiderable amount of funds were transferred from one pocket-book to another upon the result. Before starting, the behavior of Whale could not have inspired his backers with any additional fervor for he seemed more inclined to do as he pleased than to act according to the desire of those who had a strong interest in his good conduct upon the occasion. After carrying his starter all over the track, and giving him a pretty lively jostle against a post, apparently harder than an ordinary head, he went up the stretch, and allowed his rider to bring him up for the start, which was a good one.

The bay colt bounced off with the lead, Red Jacket second; Whale took up the running on the back stretch, and at the half mile they were all in a ruck, the pace visibly increasing. The interest of the race from this point never flagged, but gradually until its termination grew intenser. Whale took the lead but not enough to take "the track" before getting into the home stretch. The run home was desperate, and honest, on the part of Red Jacket, but before the close of the first mile, Whale had placed himself properly to take the track. The second mile was beautifully contested throughout, although Whale kept his position to its end, and around the turn of the third mile; here, Red Jacket, with apparently renewed vigor, attacked him again; all the way to the half mile they were lapped, and the excitement of the spectators knew no bounds. Around the turn again Whale showed ahead; nothing daunted, however, in the home stretch Red Jacket renews his desperate attack, and down they flew like twin doves. At the drawgate, Whale had gained a little advantage, but Red Jacket, with unfaultering stride, again renewed his desperate but ineffectual effort. Whale led to the stand about half a length in advance. Time, 5:46¾, the Dashwood colt about three lengths in the rear of the party.

The last half mile was so admirably contested that it gave hopes to the fielders that the nag they had thought least of, might prove their stay in time of need, and all eyes and hopes were centered upon him. The odds, though, were in favor of Whale, 100 to 30.

The start for the second heat was unfavorable in a slight degree to Whale, for when behind, as in the present instance, he is in the habit of caring but little about taking the lead. The Dashwood took the lead, but Red Jacket, intent upon forcing the pace, made play on the back stretch and showed in front, opening a gap of at least fifty feet upon Whale, before reaching the half mile post, where Whale's rider struck him with the spur, to which he did not seem inclined to respond. The shout that went up at that moment plainly showed the wishes of the fielders. Red Jacket kept the even tenor of his way, leading to the stand, and so much increasing his advantage that Whale's friends began to think it no joke. Whale's rider again startled him with the persuaders on the back stretch, and his response, by increased action, again brought him in favor. He overhauled the Dashwood colt, and made a desperate effort, or apparently so, to reach his leader, who was doing his best to thwart him. The run home in the second mile was steady and energetic. After passing the stand and entering the third mile, Whale seemed more determined than at any point in the race, and after getting fairly into straight work on the back stretch, "let fly" in good earnest. At a flight of speed they ran the entire stretch, but at the half mile it was plain that all the *milk* had left the Whale, and he had the best of it. They both took a pull around the turn and dashed down the home stretch as rapidly and steadily as though the race had just commenced. Whale kept the lead by about the same distance as on the former heat, 'midst shouts whose echoes might well nigh have waked the neighboring slumbering dead. The time of the heat, 5:46¼.

SUMMARY.

TUESDAY, April 7.—Jockey Club Purse $800—three mile heats:

D. F. Kenner's b. c. Whale, by Voucher, out of Dolphin, 3 yrs.... 1 1
S. M. Westmore's ch. c. Red Jacket, by Wagner, out of La Reine, 3 years 2 2
A. L. Bingaman's b. c. by imp. Sovereign, out of Lucy Dashwood, 3 years.... ..... 3 3

TIME.

First Heat.		Second Heat.	
First mile	1:58	First mile	1:58¼
Second mile	1:54	Second mile	1:53½
Third mile	1:54¼	Third mile	1:54¼
Total	5:46¼	Total	5:46¼

THIRD DAY.—Wednesday, April 8.—This day's race caused more excitement than any of the present meeting, from the fact that it was bruited about that a finer field of

two-year olds had, in all probability, never met together in the South, and, in addition, more money had been wagered than upon a similar occasion for a long time. The race was for a sweepstake, with two-year olds, carrying three-year old weights, for which Calvit, the favorite, Rupee, of the "Money family," and Portland, a Mobile crack, were the nominations. In some instances, the night before the race, the favorite, Calvit, rose as high as 100 to 40, and again fell, according to the supply and demand, as low as 100 to 60, at which rate the odds closed at the starting hour.

The race itself requires but little comment, excepting in the first heat, in which Portland took the lead—Rupee third, who changed places with Calvit after entering the back stretch, and made play at Portland, who kept the lead, at a rapid pace, Rupee driving down the home-stretch, and leaping him inside the drawgates, and making a dead heat with him at the stand in 1:48—Calvit several lengths in the rear, to the great dismay of his numerous friends and backers.

The second heat lacked interest, although it was more rapid, from the circumstance of Rupee taking the lead from the start, and maintaining it throughout, Calvit changing places with Portland for second. Time, 1:47¼.

A false start for the third heat, caused by one of the starters provokingly and unnecessarily holding his horse as the drum was about to be struck, caused a little delay, and when the horses again were in position, the drum was tapped. At that instant Calvit turned suddenly about, and the rapidity of the motion unsaddled his rider—the others in the meantime under full headway and going at a killing pace. In the excitement consequent upon so unforeseen and unfortunate an occurrence, Calvit's rider was hurridly placed upon the horse, with but one of his feet in the stirrups, and the left portion of the martingale broken. In rounding the turn the little fellow was thrown off, and we are pleased to add met with no further misfortune than a slight fracture of his right thigh bone. Every attention was at once paid to his necessities, and at a late hour we heard that he was comfortable, and the injury a slight one.

Rupee taking the lead, kept it, and won the heat apparently at his ease in 1:48¼.

For the second race, dash of two miles, Mary B—— having no competitor, galloped around and took the purse of $600. We append a

SUMMARY.

WEDNESDAY, April 8.—A sweepstake for 2 year olds—3 year old weights. Subscription $300. Forfeit $100. Mile heats.

D. F. Kenner's b. c. Rupee, by Voucher, out of Ha'penny.....0 1 1
A. M. Sprague's b. c. Portland, by imp. Sovereign, out of Folly.0 3 2
Th. J. Wells's gr. c. Calvit, by imp. Yorkshire, out of Reel....3 2 dis
Time, 1:48; 1:47¼; 1:48¼.

SAME DAY.—Jockey Club Purse $600. Two mile heats.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. f. Mary B——, by imp. Glencoe, out of Marietta, 4 years.....Walked over.

FOURTH DAY.—THURSDAY, APRIL 9.—The pleasing prospect of two well-contested races, and the unusually large betting which was done the night previous, caused a very general attendance yesterday at the course. The morning rain, instead of doing injury to the track, and consequently to the sport, had a contrary effect, in putting the course in better condition for safety to the horses if not for speed, and to the inexperienced eye it looked better than upon any day during the meeting—so much so that even the veterans and old stagers marked for time in the first race as low down as 3:40.

Min-ne-ha-ha, Mary B. and Bill Fisher were the contending nags for the purse of $400, two-mile heats. The former the favorite against the field at 100 to 50, and the betting was very brisk and heavy. At the tap Mary took the lead, Fisher second. Min-ne-ha-ha made play on the back stretch, passed the leaders in rapid succession, and maintained her position throughout the race, winning it without an effort, in 3:45½, Bill Fisher taking the second place.

The second race for the purse, mile heats, brought together Melody, Liz Mardis, Forty Cents and Viley. We place them in the order they started.

In the betting, there was no positive favorite, each nag having his friends; the largest odds that we ascertained were betted, one to two that Viley would win, and upon that most of the interest of the race turned.

The first heat presented nothing very remarkable, for Liz Mardis took up the running on the back stretch, in a few jumps took the lead, and won the heat, as if she had no competitors. Viley started behind, and remained there without making an effort for the heat, that evidently having been the instructions given to his rider. The time of the heat, 1:52½

The second heat, on the back stretch, Melody set sail in good earnest, and for a while gave hopes to her friends that she would show herself a friend in need. She got the lead and kept it until the whole party were in straight work in the home stretch. Liz and Forty Cents were side and side, Viley *behind* as *before*. Liz then made a dart at Melody, and passed her like a flash, when Viley, finding the race in danger, made a desperate but fruitless struggle, after passing Melody and Forty Cents, to reach Liz, who won the heat apparently at her ease, though at a rapid pace, in 1:51½.

We cannot speak in complimentary terms of the judgment displayed in the management upon the part of those who had Viley in charge; for although if the race had been run differently the result might have been the same, it would have given more general satisfaction to numerous backers and friends if Viley had commenced his effort at an earlier part of the race and continued to its close. Should the parties meet again, we take the liberty of suggesting that *modus operandi*. Any change will be for the better. We present as

SUMMARY.

THURSDAY, April 9.—Jockey Club Purse, $400. Two miles out.

D. F. Kenner's b. f. Min-ne-ha-ha, by Mahomet, out of Kate Aubrey, 3 years old..... 1
T. J. Wells's b. g. Bill Fisher, by imp. Sovereign, out of Margaret Edna, 3 years old..... 2
A. L. Bingaman's ch. f. Mary B——, by imp. Glencoe, out of Marietta, 4 years old..... 3
Time, 1st mile, 1:52½; 2d do., 1:53—Total, 3:45½.

SAME DAY.—Jockey Club Purse, $300. Mile heats.

T. J. Wells's ch. f. Liz Mardis, by imp. Glencoe, out of Fanny G—, 3 years old..... 1 1
A. K. Richard's b. c. Viley, by grey Eagle, dam by Uncle John, 3 years old..... 4 2
D. F. Kenner's b. f. Melody, by Voucher, out of Music, 4 yrs old. 3 3
S. M. Westmore's ch. f. Forty Cents, by Wagner, dam by Gerow, 3 years old..... 2 4
Time, 1:52½. 1:51½.

FIFTH DAY.—FRIDAY, APRIL 10.—Since the commencement of racing in the South, the race, mile heats 3 in 5, has been one of the most popular of the meeting. At a time when notions or feelings differing from those which now hold sway, prevailed, the race was selected for the *first* or *last* day of the week, according to the Hebrew or later codes, and it was invariably one of the most interesting and exciting contests. The palmy days of the turf are here connected in the races, as that of yesterday, with the exploits and successes of Telie Doe, Miss Foote, Sunbeam, Aduelia, Music, Croton, Fred Kaye, and a host of others, whose mark has been made in the calendar. In later years the race has somewhat fallen from its high point of popularity, and as a general fact but few witness it. The exception to the rule however, occurred yesterday, and all were amply repaid by a spirited and interesting contest of three heats, which places the winner, Minnehaha, in the highest niche in the temple of fame in that particular race, and woe betide the rival that attempts to wrest the laurels from her.

The contending nags were Moise, Minnehaha, and a Sovereign colt. In the first two heats, the first named made desperate but unsuccessful efforts to place himself in the lead, and in the last heat the Sovereign colt did the same thing, with the same result, with this difference, that he caused the speed to be increased to the extraordinary time of 1:46, which, all things considered, is one of the most remarkable heats ever run over the course. An elaborate description is unnecessary; Minnehaha, if not the best, is *one* of the best three years' old that we have seen in many a day, as will be more fully shown by the

SUMMARY.

FRIDAY, April 10.—Jockey Club Purse, $500. Mile heats—three in five.

D. F. Kenner's b, f. Min-ne-ha-ha, by Mahomet, out of Kate Aubrey, 3 years old..... 1 1 1
A. L. Bingaman's b. c. by imp. Sovereign, out of Betsey Coody, 3 years old..... 3 3 2
T. J. Wells's b. g. Moise, by Capt. Elgee, dam by Ruby, 3 years old..... 2 2 3
Time, 1:50¼; 1:47¼; 1:46.

LAST DAY.—SATURDAY, APRIL 11.—We returned from the Metairie Course yesterday so much pleased with everything that occurred during the day, that we are now somewhat at a loss how faithfully to chronicle all that passed in review. The day was decidedly the most delightful of the season.

The ladies' stand presented an array of loveliness that would have moved the soul of an anchorite. The public stands were filled to repletion, and the field in front showed plainly that much more interest had been aroused by the prospect of a good race, that such occasions generally inspire. It being the closing day of the regular meeting of the new association, the members were more numerous than upon any day during the meeting, and the club stand would vie in numbers with that of any club in the country, north, south, east or west.

The race for the purse of $1,200, four-mile heats, for which Tom McGuffin, Red Jacket, Release and Liz Mardis were rival nags, drew out this immense concourse to the infinite delight of coachmen and cabmen, who took advantage of the only chance that has been offered in a long time, and charged at least double prices. Who can blame them? Supply and demand regulate the price of every commodity. The betting was as varied as could have been desired. Tom McGuffin held the first place at 120 to 100 against the field. Red Jacket was rather better than the rest; although Release was held in high favor, and in the "pools"—and their name was legion—she would divide the honors with him. Liz Mardis rose and fell, as did the whole party, according to the tastes or judgment of the clique that were operating for the moment. Tom held his position as first favorite throughout.

Upon stripping the nags, Tom rose higher in the estimation of his friends, and his gallant and lofty bearing, coupled with his recent victorious exploits at Natchez, increased the confidence in his ability to win. Red Jacket's race a few days before had been of service to him, and he looked a picture—evidently the better of that struggle. Release, a stylish creature, was in apparently excellent condition—perhaps a little too high for a bruising race; but she seemed as though she was bent on mischief. The quiet behavior of Liz Mardis brought her favorably into the notice of her backers, who did not forget the burst of speed she made but two days previously while winning the race against Villey and others.

First Heat.—They started off at a slow pace, Release in the lead, Tom McGuffin second, Liz in the rear, and thus they finished the first mile. On the back stretch of the second mile, Tom moved up a little, though with scarcely any visible increase of speed, and at the half-mile was in front—Red Jacket second, and they closed the second mile in these positions. Red Jacket then took the lead at an increased pace, but Tom, before the close of the mile, was again in advance of the party. Upon entering the back stretch of the fourth mile, Liz made play in beautiful style, which awakened them to a necessity of going along. At the half-mile they were all together, and going it at a terrific burst of speed. Tom then cut loose from the party, and for a moment it seemed as if the contest was over; Liz, however, attacked him in good earnest down the home stretch, and a beautiful struggle she made, but Tom was too fleet for her, although she made him run the last mile in 1:49! The time of the heat, 7:54.

The result, of course, made Tom a greater favorite than before; one hundred to fifty went begging. Neither of the nags appeared to care for the heat, and they were fresh and vigorous as they started for

The second heat, in which Tom, having the track, got the lead. At the first quarter they were all together. Liz, however, passed them at the half-mile post, under a hard pull, and before reaching the home stretch had opened a gap of at least twenty yards. She led the first mile. Tom then at a steady pace, with Release at his side, appeared to make effort for the lead; which Release obtained upon the back stretch; when Red Jacket made a dash, and at the half-mile a sheet could have covered them. The run home, the second mile, was interesting in the extreme—Release in advance of the party. They were again all in ruck at the half-mile post, and the pace continually increasing. Tom parted company with them down the home stretch, apparently in hand at the close of the third mile, when Red Jacket took up the run, and passing Release, darted in good earnest at Tom. The struggle on the part of the little Alabama colt, Red Jacket, reminded us of the unflinching game of his sire, the renowned Wagner, but it was ineffectual—the truth is that Tom McGuffin won the heat at a comparatively easy gait, in 7:39½.

The race closed the first season of the new Metairie Association, and it must be a source of gratulation, as well to themselves as to all parties connected with them, that matters have progressed so pleasantly and successfully. The Executive Committee, the worthy Secretary, and the indefatigable and courteous Treasurer, at all times vied, each with the other, to meet the requirements and expectations of the patrons of the turf, and their success must have been extremely gratifying to them.

Under these auspices, the condition and tone of the Southern turf will surely be restored to its pristine healthfulness and vigor.

SATURDAY, April 11.—Jockey Club Purse, $1,200. Four mile heats.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. g. Tom McGuffin, by Ruffin, out of La-Bacchante, 5 years..... 1 1
S. M. Wetmore's (R. H. Long's,) ch. c. Red Jacket, by Wagner, out of LaReine, 3 years..... 3 2
H. O. Colomb's b. m. Release, by Bethune, out of Alice Carneal, 5 years..... 4 3
Th. J. Wells's ch. f. Liz Mardis, by imp. Glencoe, out of Fanny G., 3 years..... 2 4

TIME.

First Heat.		Second Heat.	
First mile	2:05	First mile	1:56
Second mile	2:04	Second mile	1:57
Third mile	1:56	Third mile	1:54
Fourth mile	1:49	Fourth mile	1:52½
Total	7:54	Total	7:39½

THE SEASON IN NEW YORK.—There is said to be a probability of considerable racing and trotting on the race tracks in this vicinity during the season of 1857, but whether the matches will prove of sufficient public interest to attract the masses is a question of much doubt, for the manner in which these matters have been conducted of late years has so disgusted all true lovers of fair and honest racing as to almost preclude the hope of a change being effected, unless other and better men are put at the helm. The Daily Times, in an article on the subject, says our courses had fallen under the control of men who made use of them to subserve their own private and pecuniary ends, and from the unfair practices of these men, many were deterred from attending the course through fear of being fleeced; and many owners of fast horses would not allow them to appear on the turf. One reason for this was, probably, the want of a law legalizing trotting, the old law having expired some years ago, and the proprietors being unable to enforce proper regulations. The bill for the improvement of the breed of horses, noticed in our last, may effect a change, if the gentlemen comprising the association applying for the bill will not suffer themselves to be influenced by outside parties, interested in those tracks already alluded to. We shall see.

We have been *promised* rare and abundant sport on Long Island during the season just opening, but we prefer to wait awhile before giving publicity to these promises. We have had many similar ones in previous years, but they amounted to little or nothing in the end. A great meeting was announced to come off over the Fashion Course, L. I., last fall, but the whole thing proved, as we had predicted, a lamentable failure. As a cotemporary very wisely remarks, give us a track to which the masses can have free access. This charging one and two dollars for a single admission to see a race may suit a select few, but it cannot meet with the approval of the people. We also need a track which can be reached more easily than those on Long Island. If the Red House Course at Harlem were improved, and made a mile track instead of what it is, it would soon monopolise the business in this line. A trot took place there on the 30th of March, the first of the season, when an immense assemblage of lovers of the turf were in attendance, one of the largest gatherings, in fact, witnessed on a track in this vicinity for a long time. Give us a good track near the city, with no charge for entrance, and an interest in turf matters will soon be created such as has never been exhibited here. A meeting is said to be fixed for the Fashion Course, L. I., to take place some time during the summer—if rightly conducted, it may answer, but we doubt it, for the great difficulty experienced in reaching that locality is a great drawback to the popularity of that course. It is easy enough for those who own teams of their own, or who have means whereby they can procure suitable private conveyances, to reach our Long Island tracks, and come and go as they please, but these are comparatively few, generally men interested either in the tracks or those connected with them, or in the horses and their owners. If we would enlist the attention of the great masses of the people in turf matters, we must have free tracks, easily accessible, and "no gouging."

We below give a summary, &c., of the matches that have thus far taken place in this neighborhood during the present season:

RED HOUSE HALF MILE TRACK, HARLEM.—March 30—Purse, and stake of $500; mile heats; under saddle.

S. Dubois' Brown Mare..... 1 6 6 5
B. m. Granite Village Maid..... 2 1 1 1
Br. g. Supplies..... 3 2 2 2
B. m. Mary White..... 4 3 3 3
Br. g. Tom..... 5 5 4 4
S. g. Congo..... 6 4 5 dr.
Time, 2:49; 2:52½; 2:53; 2:54.

April 6.—Match $200; mile heats; to harness.

Owner, b. g. Major Wandell (trotter)..... 2 1 1
Owner, g. g. Gray Harry (pacer)..... 1 2 2
Time, 3:05; 3:10; 3:00.

SAME DAY.—Match $400; mile heats; best 3 in 5, in harness.

J. Gillian's b. m. Lady Varian..... 1 1 1
E. Luff's br. m. Mary White..... 2 2 2
Time, 3:03¼; 2:58½; 3:05.

April 10.—Match $250; mile heats; best 3 in 5, under saddle.

C. Brooks's br. g. Dr. Maxwell..... 1 1 0 1
C. Corson's br. g. Bence McGowan..... 2 2 0 2
Time, 3:01; 2:52; 2:59½; 3:03.

UNION COURSE, L. I.—Trotting—Tuesday, April 7.—Purse $50 for road horses; mile heats; best 3 in 5, to wagons.

H. Woodruff, ch. M. Queen Dido..... 1 1 2 1
J. Whelpley, g. Gelding..... 4 4 1 4
J. S. Austin, b. g. Bence McGowan..... 2 3 3 2
S. D. Hoagland, b. g. Deacon..... 3 2 4 3
Time, 2:54¼; 2:55; 2:51; 2:59¼.

TROTTING.—Monday, April 13.—Match $500; mile heats; best 3 in 5, to wagons.

H. Woodruff, g. g. Harry Bluff.....drawn
D. Pfifer, b. g.....drawn

CENTREVILLE COURSE, L. I.—Trotting—Thursday, April 16.—Match $1,000; mile heats; play or pay.

C. Brooks, ch. s. Kemble Jackson (to 250 lb. wagon)..... 1 1
W. Peabody, g. m. Atlantic Maid (to sulky)..... 2 2
Time, 10:42½; 10:42.

SAME DAY.—Match $600; play or pay; two mile heats; both horses to go as they please.

D. Pfifer, b. g. Andrew Sheehan.....drawn
H. Woodruff, b. g. Mountain Boy.....drawn

TROTTING ON THE LONG ISLAND ROAD.—Friday, April 17.—Match $200; mile heats, to 250 lb. wagons.

J. Berwick's b. m. Nancy..... 1 1
Mr. Rowdon's br. h. Arthur..... 2 2
Time not taken.

MATCH BETWEEN WILLIAM TELL AND GREY MESSENGER.—The match between these stallions, which has been for some time on the tapis, was brought to a termination on the Union Course, L. I., on the 15th, in the presence of a not very large number of spectators. Tell, who seemed to be the favorite, disappointed the expectations of his friends, while Messenger proved himself to be a faster horse than he had previously obtained credit for; consequently, the knowing ones in this instance were "let down" to a pretty considerable extent, Tell having the call at $100 to $80. On the first heat, Messenger took the lead, which he kept throughout, Tell making several bad breaks, and barely saving his distance. The second heat was more closely contested, and proved highly exciting. As in the first, Messenger had the lead until half the distance had been gone over, when Messenger broke up just as Tell had passed in front. Messenger soon after again broke up, but soon recovered, and went down to his work; in a moment Tell broke, and Messenger was again a winner. The third heat ended in a similar manner, Tell breaking badly, and the heat and race being given to Messenger. The following is a summary:

UNION COURSE, L. I.—TROTTING.—*Wednesday*, April 15, 1857.—Match $1,000, mile heats, best 3 in 5, in wagons, and drivers, weight 300 pounds.

S. Hoagland, g. g. Gray Messenger..... 1 1 1
J. Whelpley, s. s. William Tell..... 2 2 2
Time, 2:46; 2:43; 2:44.

ON THE ROAD.—A trial of speed, says a Washington, D. C., correspondent, came off on the road near Tenalytown, on the 9th inst., between Mr. Clatterbaugh's racking horse Limber Jim, and Mr. Darne's Gedtown horse, Old Joe, for $250 a side. The distance was one-fourth of a mile, and the tenth legion nag came off winner. Quite a large amount of money changed hands on the result.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

ZATRIKIOLOGICAL MISCELLANY.

A CHALLENGE.—Our correspondent X. Y. Z., Senior, of Bristol, R. I., challenges either of the players of our Game No. 51 (or anybody else, we presume, should they not accept) to play a game with him by correspondence at that opening, he taking the Attack and playing to the 5th move, as did Mr. P——. He will there play 5..P to Q 4th, and on this position issues the wager of battell.

MATCHES AT THE N. Y. CLUB.—In the match, Loyd *vs.* Perrin, our Secretary has won, thus: drawn, 0; Mr. L., 3; Mr. P., 5 and the match. For the rest, we know of no new ones, or any farther progress in the old. The most entertaining *parties* now to be seen are the furious fights between Messrs. Mantin and Thompson, Mr. T. giving Q Kt; the best are those between Messrs. Perrin and Solomons.

THE NATIONAL TOURNAMENT.—Our club are now taking active measures to put the preliminary steps for bringing about this great meeting of American chess players in active operation. A circular has been prepared, which, in conjunction with our chess contemporaries, we will at once lay before our readers.

CHESS TID BITS.—The longest announced checkmate on record in actual play, was in fifteen moves by McDonnell.—The practice of chess is from time lost in the dim traditions of the past; we have single problems that carry us up to antiquity; but the first regular treatise on the game was by Jacobus de Cæsolis, A. D. 1200. The manuscript, in Latin, is still preserved in the University of Padua.—No one now says check to the Queen, any more than to Kt or B.—The ablest player of chess, when blindfolded, now living, is probably Herr Harrwitz.—The celebrated Cozio gives the following conditions as necessary for the attainment of great skill at Chess:—1st, Great invention; 2d, great study; 3d, great practice; 4th, great perception; and 5th, playing with first-rate masters. But it is the peculiar boast of our glorious game, looked at merely as a pastime, that none of these "conditions," to an extreme, are necessary to its intense enjoyment.

☞ Answers to correspondents, and solutions to enigmas, necessarily deferred to next week.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 55.

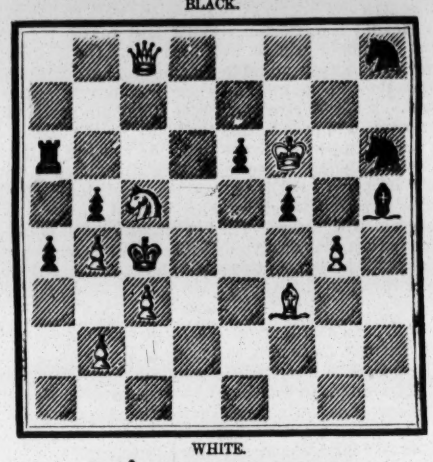
White.	Black.
1..Q B to Q R sq	P to K 6
2..K-Q Kt 2	K-Q 5
3..K-Kt 3 dis ch mate.	

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 56.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..Q Kt to K B 7 +	K to his 5	3..Q to K R sq +	K or P moves
2..K Kt-his 5 +	P × Kt	4..Q mates.	

PROBLEM NO. 57.—BY ALONZO.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in four moves.

GAME NO. 57.

An instructive game from the "British Chess Review." Herr Harrwitz gives Messrs. Cohen and Turner, consulting, Pawn and two moves. (*Remove Black's K B P.*)

White, Messrs. C. and T.	Black, Herr Harrwitz.	White, Messrs. C. and T.	Black, Herr Harrwitz.
1..P to K 4		22..K R to B sq	B × Kt +
2..P-Q 4	P to K 3	23..Kt P × B	P-Q 4
3..K B-Q 3 *a*	P-Q B 4	24..Q-K B 6	Q × Q
4..P-Q 5 *	P-Q 3	25..K R × Q	Q R-K sq *e*
5..P-Q B 4	K B-K 2	26..Castles	B-K B 2
6..P-K 5 *b*	P-K Kt 2	27..Kt-K B 4	Q R-K 4
7..Q-K Kt 4	K P × Q P	28..K R-Q 6	K R-K Kt 4
8..P-K 6	P × Q B P	29..R-Q 8 +	K-Kt 2
9..B × K Kt P +	K-B sq	30..R-Q 7	P-Q Kt 3
10..B-K B 7	K B-his 3	31..R × Q R P	K R-K B 4
11..Q-K R 5	Q-K 2	32..R-Q Kt 7	K R-B 3
12..Q-her 5	Q Kt-B 3	33..Kt × Q P	K R-B 7
13..P-K B 4	Q Kt-Q sq *c*	34..Kt × Q Kt P	R × Q R P
14..K B × K Kt	K R × B	35..Kt × Q B P	Q R-K 7
15..P-K B 5	K R-Kt 5	36..Kt-Q 2	Q R × K R P
16..K Kt-K 2	K B-Q 5	37..Q R-K B sq *f*	K R × Kt
17..Q Kt-B 3	Kt × K P	38..K R × B +	K-his Kt 3
18..B P × Kt	Q B × P	39..Q R-K B 6 +	K-his Kt 4
19..B-R 6 + *d*	K-Kt sq	40..Q R-K B 5 +	K-his Kt 5
20..Q-K B 3	Q-K R 5 +	41..Q R × B P, and the *partie* drawn.	
21..P-K Kt 3	Q × Q B		

NOTES.

a This is a favorite 3d move with our strong players here. It probably has but one equal, viz: 3..P to Q B 4th.

Harrwitz.	Staunton.	Harrwitz.	Staunton.
1..P to K 4		7..P to Q R 3	Q Kt to B 2
2..P-Q 4	P to K 3	8..K B-Q 3	K Kt-B 2
3..P-Q B 4	P-Q B 4	9..K Kt-B 2	P × P
4..P-Q 5	P-Q 3	10..Q B P × P	Q B-K Kt 5
5..P-K B 4	Q Kt-R 3	11..Castles	Q B × Kt
6..Q Kt-B 3	K Kt-R 3	12..Q × Q B	Q-K B 3, &c.

This opening will well repay examination. The Attack directs all his efforts to the advancement of his K's P, while the Defence as strenuously strives to prevent it, and the contest for victory on this point is full of instruction.

* We cannot forbear instructing our students with one of Mr. Staunton's variations at this point, in a game won of Staunton at these odds.

4..P to K 5	P-K Kt 3	11..Q P × P	Q Kt × P
5..P-Q B 3	Q Kt-B 3	12..B-Q Kt-5 +	Q Kt-Q 2
6..K Kt-B 3	P-Q 3	13..Castles	K Kt-K 2
7..P-K R 4	Q B P × P	14..Q-K 2 (1)	Q-her Kt 3
8..Q B P × P	Q P × K P	15..Q Kt-R 3	Castles
9..P-K R 5	B-K Kt 2	16..Q Kt-B 4 (2)	Q × K B
10..R P × P	P-K R 3	17..Q × P +	K-R sq, &c.

(1) The Attack in this opening, a very good specimen of its kind, conducted with both spirit and judgment.

(2) The skirmishing here is very lively, but the moves are evidently well considered on both sides.

b Well played: Black dare not take that P.

c Q Kt to Q 5th, would also have been good.

d This loses a piece, presently.

e He should have played K R to K 5th, to prevent the allies castling.

f Well played! the allies have cleverly contrived to get over their difficulties, and have now a certain drawn game.

ENIGMA NO. 57.

BY G. H. H.

WHITE.—K at his B 7; R's at Q 6, and Q B 2; B at Q 5; P's at K 3 and Q 3d.

BLACK.—K at his 4; and B at K 5th.

White to play and mate in four moves.

ENIGMA NO. 58.

BY THEO. M. BROWN.

WHITE.—K at Q Kt 7; R's at Q Kt 5, and K B 5; B's at K Kt 6, and Q R 5; and Kt at K 7th.

BLACK—K at Q B 5; and P at Q B 4th.

White to play and mate in three moves.

NO. 58.—TOURNAMENT PROBLEM.

FROM THE SET "THE AUTHOR'S DREAM."

BY J. GRAHAM CAMPBELL.

BLACK.

WHITE.

White to play and mate in five moves.

[Few composers indeed have the genius to construct a scientific problem with such an amount of force. In this respect it is not a model, and it would be dangerous to attempt to imitate it.—ED.]

GAME NO. 58.

From Cochrane's Treatise—as an illustration of P to K B 4th, for the 3d of Attack.

Attack.	Defence.	Attack.	Defence.
1..P to K 4		16..K to his sq	Q to K 6 *f*
2..P-Q 4	Q Kt to B 3	17..Q Kt-K B sq	Q-K B 7 +
3..P-K B 4 *a*	P-Q 4	18..K-Q 2	Q-K B 6
4..P-K 5	Q B-K B 4	19..K-Q B 2 *g*	Kt-K B 7
5..P-Q B 3	P-K 3	20..Q-her 2	Q-K 5 +
6..K B-Q 3	K Kt-R 3 *b*	21..K-Kt 3	Q Kt-R 4 +
7..K Kt-K 2 *c*	Q-K R 5 +	22..K-R 4	Kt-Q B 5
8..P-K Kt 3	Q-K R 6	23..Q-K sq	Q-her B 7 +
9..K-Q 2 *d*	Q B × B	24..P-Q Kt 3 *h*	K Kt-Q 6 *i*
10..K × Q B	Q-K B 4 +	25..Q Kt-K 3	Kt × Kt
11..K-Q 2	K Kt-his 5	26..Q-her 2	Kt-Q Kt 7
12..K-home	Q-K 5	27..K-Kt 5	P-Q B 3 +
13..K R-Kt sq	Kt × R P	28..K-R 5	Q Kt-Q B 5 +
14..Q Kt-Q 2	Q-her 6	29..P × Kt	Q-her R 5
15..K-B 2 *e*	K Kt-his 5 +	Checkmate.	

NOTES.

a We have already given Mr. Cochrane's views of this move. Har-

ing been met with the Defence 2..Q Kt to B 3d, he would better play as Mr. Tuckett did with Staunton, "Companion," p. 125.

1..P to K 4		6..P to Q 5	Q Kt home
2..P-Q 4	Q Kt to B 3	7..K B-Q B 4	Q B-K Kt 5
3..K Kt-B 3	P-Q 4	8..Q B-K B 4	K Kt-B 3
4..K P × P	Q × Q 2d P	9..P-K R 3	B-K R 4
5..Q Kt-B 3	Q-home	10..Q-K 2	P-Q R 3, &c.

The Attack opens this game with remarkable force and spirit. His own men are rapidly brought into action, and every move serves still more to prevent the development of his adversary's.

b. This game is extremely well opened by the Defence.

c. K Kt to B 3d would have been better.

d. K to Q 2d, with a view of placing him on Q B 2d, which the Defence thwarts.

e. The Attack finding his game exceedingly confined, now endeavors to get K to his Kt 2d.

f. He might play Kt to K 3d, and then to Q B 2d, afterwards winning the R; but it as well to follow up the Attack.

g A bad move; as the Defence now forces the game by a series of beautiful moves, on account of the Attack endeavoring to save his Q.

h. Best; as K cannot move without being mated.

i. He might have won in two moves by P to Q R 3d; the latter part of the game is, however, abstractly considered, a very fine specimen of play.

MATCH GAMES.

BETWEEN BOSTON AND PHILADELPHIA

NUMBER ONE.—SCOTCH GAMBIT.

White—Boston.	Black—Philad'a.
9..P takes Q 2d P	B to Q Kt 3
10..P to K R 3	Q B to Q R 3
11..Q Kt to B 3	

NUMBER TWO.—EVANS GAMBIT.

White—Philad'a.	Black—Boston
8..P takes P	B to Q Kt 3
9..Q B to Kt 2	K Kt to B 3
10..P to Q 5	Q Kt to K 2

BETWEEN DE PREFONTAINE AND LOPEZ.

White—De Prefontaine.	Black—Lopez.
15..B to K B 4	Castles with K R
16..Kt to Q 4	K Kt to his 3
17..Kt to K B 5	

BETWEEN STAMMA AND MIDNIGHT.

Black—Stamma.	White—Midnight.
9..Q Kt to B 3	Castles
10..Q B to K B 4	K R to K sq
11..Q Kt to K 2	

BETWEEN EN PRISE AND X. Y. Z., SENIOR.

White—En Prise.	Black—X. Y. Z.
20..B takes Kt	Q takes B
21..R takes B	Q to K R 3
22..P to Q B 5	Kt to Q R 3

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

Old friends, consider us making our best bow; and now for the making good of last week's promise.

THE MOVE.

From Anderson's Treatise.

An Exposition of the Move and its Changes, with the Natural System of Numbering the Board, in Accordance with the Improved Theory, By John Patterson, Mathematician, 70 Abbotsford Place, Glasgow.

DEFINITIONS.

1. *The Move.*—To have the move, signifies the occupying of that position on the board, which, in playing piece against piece, backwards or forwards, without regard to the others, till only *one* square intervene between the pieces in each pair, will eventually cause the player who occupies that position, have the last play.

2. *Homologous.*—A term signifying, *Of the same description.* Thus, reckoning from the single corner, the 1st, 3d, 5th, and 7th rows, and all the squares in them, are homologous, and are quoted as the *odd* set; also, the 2d, 4th, 6th and 8th rows, and all the squares in them, are homologous, and are quoted as the *even* set.

3. *The Squares.*—A term used by Payne and others, to signify *the whole of the intervening squares*, all the pieces on the board being paired.

4. *A Capture.*—When either of the players takes one, two, three, or any number of pieces at one play.

5. *Counters.*—Small pieces, which the learner may place in the room of the pieces captured, to show where they have been.

6. *Homologous Counters.*—All those counters which are in the same set with each other.

7. *A Capture from the Odd Set.*—An expression signifying that the capturing piece is in the *odd* set.

8. *A Capture from the Even Set.*—A similar expression, signifying that the capturing piece is in the *even* set.

TO BE CONTINUED.

☞ A. F. will be happy to play any of our contributors a game, giving them choice of men and move.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FOO FOO.—If you are really anxious to learn the game of Draughts, call at Limburger's Saloon, cor. of Fulton and Nassau streets, any week day, after 12 o'clock, m, and (take our word for it) you will find persons willing to play with you. We have not the time to spare.

A. F.—Solutions O. K. Thanks for the Enigma. It shall be "looked at."

UNCLE SAM.—We give your letter: our best thanks for the "Fife."

BREEKS.—Thanks for your kind wishes and gentlemanly letter.—Can't say whether we shall publish draught matter in "book form." There is no regularly constituted club at present. Players meet at Limburger's, corner of Fulton and Nassau sts.

UNKNOWN.—May your "shadow never be less.

NEMO.—We will publish such of your positions as we may consider sufficiently meritorious, at our convenience.

MARTIN.—We will reply to your letter at length next week. Metellus is remembered. Why don't he send us something?

HARRY, of Buffalo.—Thanks for "Second Double Corner."

KNOW NOTHING.—Of course you have "left the country."

FRANK.—Thanks for "One more of the same sort." Our impression is that there is some mistake.

J. McL.—Thank you. Will give your letter next week.

ALONZO.—We *did* hint at it. See the letter of Express in last week's CLIPPER. Lancaster, Pa.

EXPRESS.—The Unknown would like to play you a game by mail, "if agreeable."

CAMBRIDGE, April 17, '57.—ED. CLIP—*Dear Sir:* In your last, "Express" asks what is the result of the Single Corner? I answer, Black draws by 1, 5, having the easier game to play.

Will A. R. N. give me his address? In asking for it I have an object.

Please publish the "Bay State" soon, and answer my last letter.

Yours sincerely, MARTIN.

Metellus desires to be remembered.

Dr. Ed. N. Y. C.

A CHANCE FOR MR. "CLUTTERBUCK."—EDITOR D. D.—*Dear Sir:* I observe a very lengthened card from "Clutterbuck" last week, which I would have passed unnoticed, had he not remarked that Position No. 90 by "Uncle Sam" was a "*win*," and not a draw. To prevent any further allow me the privilege to give the numbers. On 12 and 23, Black men On 20, Black King. On 14 and 15, White Kings. White to play and draw. I am willing to bet $10, and to deposit the money with any one, that Mr. "Clutterbuck" cannot win the above Position. If employed through the New York CLIPPER.) If he is confident, he is to back his opinion for the above amount, a reply through the columns of the CLIPPER shall meet with prompt attention. And for the benefit of your many valuable contributors, I propose that we play a game every week, in the same way as a Match Game is played. I will take the White Kings, and let Mr. "Clutterbuck" drive on the Black, and win if he *can*. Truly yours, "UNCLE SAM."

GAME NO. 53.

NEW SERIES.

BY "UNCLE SAM."

Dedicated to Harry of Buffalo.

THE FIFE.

White.		Black.		White.		Black.	
1..22	to 18	10	to 14	22.. 7	to 11	14	to 18
2..24	19	11	16	23..23	14	9	25
3..28	24	16	20	24..11	18	25	30
4..19	15	12	16	25..18	14	30	25
5..25	22	8	12	26..27	24	20	27
6..15	10	6	15	27..31	24	25	22
7..18	11	14	18	28..24	19	22	26
8..23	14	9	25	29..19	16	26	23
9..29	22	7	10	30..16	11	23	19
10..21	17 *a*	10	15 *b*	31..12	8	19	24
11..17	14	16	19	32.. 8	3	24	28
12..32	28	12	16	33..11	7	28	32
13..14	10	5	9	34.. 7	2	32	27
14..26	23	19	26	35.. 2	7	27	24
15..30	23	2	6 *c*	36.. 7	10	24	19
16..10	7	3	10	37..14	9	5	14
17..24	19	15	24	38..10	17	19	24
18..28	12	10	15	39..17	22	24	28
19..11	7	1	5	40..22	26	28	32
20.. 7	3	6	10	41..26	23	32	28
21.. 3	7	10	14	49..23	19 *d*		

NOTES.

a This move is a variation from Anderson.

b This move loses. 5 to 9 would have been better.

c Best.

d And finally knocks under in Sturges' first.

SOLUTION OF POSITION NO. 104.

NEW SERIES.

White.		Black.		White.		Black.	
1..15	to 10	23	to 19	3..13	to 9	7	to 14
2..22	18	14	23	4.. 9	4, and wins.		

SOLUTION OF POSITION NO. 103.

NEW SERIES.

White.		Black.		White.		Black.	
1.. 2	to 6	24	to 15	4..17	to 10	5	to 9
2.. 6	1	15	6	5..22	18	13	17
3.. 1	17	9	14	6..10	14, and wins.		

GAME NO. 54.

NEW SERIES.

BY HARRY OF BUFFALO.

SECOND DOUBLE CORNER.

Dedicated to H. L., of Pittsburgh.

Black, Harry.		White, Stranger.		Black, Harry.		White, Stranger.	
1..11	to 15	24	to 19	7.. 4	to 8	22	to 18
2..15	24	28	19	8.. 7	11	26	22
3.. 9	14	22	18	9..16	20	31	26
4.. 5	9	25	22	10..11	16	32	28
5.. 8	11	29	25	11.. 3	7	28	24
6..11	16	18	15	12.. 7	11	Stranger caved.	

The above little skirmish, terminating so disastrously for White, calls to our mind the direction given by Anderson and others, viz:—When you find that you are getting a bad position, endeavor to improve it by making exchanges.

DRAUGHT ENIGMAS.

POSITION NO. 33.—OLD SERIES.

By "Freehold."

Black men at 2. 4, 5, 19, and 27. Black Kings at 1, 3. 12, and 26. White men at 6, 10, 15, 16, and 23. White Kings at 13, 28, and 29.

White to play and win.

POSITION NO. 34.—OLD SERIES.

By J. P. Sweet.

Black men at 2, 4, 6, 7, 10, 12. 21, 25, and 28. Black Kings at 29, 30, and 32.

White men at 5, 13, 18, 20, 22, 23, and 31. White Kings at 3 and 19.

White to play and win.

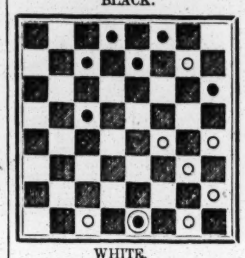
POSITION NO. 105.

NEW SERIES.

By J. McL.

Dedicated to B. Hines, Esq.

BLACK.



WHITE.

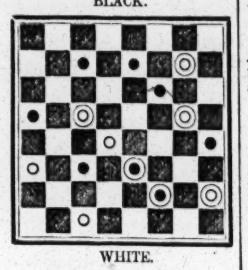
White to play and win.

POSITION NO. 106.

NEW SERIES.

By Nemo.

BLACK.



WHITE.

Black to play and win.

MATCH GAMES

BETWEEN ALONZO AND SAM TWELVES.

Black—Sam Twelves.		White—Alonzo.	
19.. 5	14	18	9
20..10	15	23	18

BETWEEN UNCLE SAM AND J. S., OF WINCHESTER.

NUMBER ONE.

White—J. S.		Black—Uncle Sam.	
8..27	18	7	10
9..32	27	9	13

NUMBER TWO.

White—Uncle Sam.		Black—J. S.	
7..32	28	10	14
8..28	24		

BETWEEN B. OF BOSTON, AND THE UNKNOWN.

White—B of Boston.		Black—Unknown.	
1..22	to 18	10	to 14
2..25	22	11	16

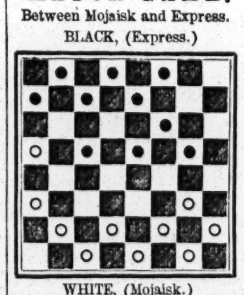
BETWEEN HARRY BOLES, AND B. OF BOSTON.

White—B.	Black—Harry Boles.
1..23 to 19	11 to 15

MATCH GAME.

Between Mojaisk and Express.

BLACK, (Express.)



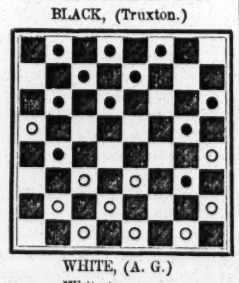
WHITE, (Mojaisk.)

White to move

MATCH GAME.

Between Truxton and A. G.

BLACK, (Truxton.)



WHITE, (A. G.)

White to move.

PEDESTRIANISM.

A SPIN OF A QUARTER.—Mr. R. Hewit, Harmony Hall, Newark, N. J., states that he has a man whom he will back to run a quarter of a mile with any one in Newark for from $25 to $50. What say the peds of Newark?

MRS. BENTLEY, THE FEMALE PEDESTRIAN.—Mrs. Bentley, who has recently been performing a number of pedestrian feats in the Western States, has arrived in this city, and will commence the feat of walking 30 consecutive hours, without rest, April 27th.

GOOD TIME, IF TRUE.—It is stated in the New Orleans papers that a foot race recently took place in that vicinity between Ike Shute, of Tennessee, and Sam Banks, of New Orleans, for a purse of $1000, the distance ran being 100 yards. Shute is said to have won, with apparent ease, in ten seconds!

FOOT RACE IN LYNN.—A three-mile foot race took place over the Lynn Trotting Park, Mass., on the 16th inst., between P. Buckley, the Lynn Buck, and J. H. Murch, of Boston. The Buck proved the winner, beating his opponent by a couple of yards, and making the entire distance in sixteen minutes and four seconds.

The Boston Herald says Murch claims having won the race. Who's right?

STETSON THE PEDESTRIAN.—We notice in one of our exchanges a statement to the effect that John Stetson recently made an attempt to shoot a Mr. Barker, proprietor of a hotel in Charlestown. Three or four shots were fired at Mr. B., but without serious effect. Stetson succeeded in making his escape. We have not learned the cause of this assault.

CHALLENGE TO THE LYNN BUCK.—Boston, April 18, 1857.—I will run P. Buckley, the Lynn Buck, a five mile foot race for $50 a side, over the Lawrence Track, in three weeks from the time the match is made; or, if not accepted, I will run any other man in the United States the same distance, barring John Grindell. Man and money ready at Mr. Grace's, 88½ Cambridge street, Boston, Mass. WM. HENDLEY.

AMOS SANDS, BROOKLYN.—Having heard that this individual wishes to run five miles against me, I am willing to take up his challenge, and expect to meet him at the CLIPPER Office, in New York, on Friday, the 24th of April instant, between 3 and 4 o'clock, P. M., on that date. I have placed ten dollars in the hands of the proprietors of the CLIPPER, in order to be covered with a similar sum towards any match that may be agreed on with the above party. YOUNG SPORT, Fulton Market.

FOOT RACE NEAR TROY.—A foot race took place in the vicinity of Troy, on the 15th inst. The distance was one mile, and the following pedestrians entered into the contest, viz: Sol Van Schaick, Barney Dugan, better known as the red mink, and Brian Ward, Dugan being the favorite at long odds. The following is the order in which the runners finished the mile, and the time made: 1. Ward, time, 5:40; 2. Dugan, 5:45; 3. Van Schaick, 6:00. The race came off on the Lansingburgh road, and the purse of $50 was awarded to Ward.

FIVE-MILE FOOT RACE.—About 1000 spectators assembled on the Lawrence (Mass.) race track, on Thursday, April 16th, to witness a five-mile foot race between James Lambert, the Yorkshire Boy, and William Hendley, of Baltimore, for $100 a side. At 4½ o'clock, both pedestrians appeared at the scratch, and at the word go both got off at a rattling pace, Lambert having the lead, closely followed by Hendley; they thus continued up to the first mile—time, 5:11. Hendley now made a brush and passed his opponent, winning the two next miles. Lambert again passed his opponent and kept the lead during the race, and won by nearly 60 yards. The time of the other miles was not taken. Total time, 29:40. Track heavy.

MORE FOOT RACES.—Four grand foot races are to take place over the Lynn Trotting Park, Mass., on Saturday, May 2d, at 3 o'clock, for several prizes. First race—1 mile, between John Buckley, the Queenstown Boy; James Cleary, of Boston; and John Coffee, of Boston. 2d—2 miles, between William Hendley, the Shooting Star of Baltimore; Boston Greyhound; and James Lambert, of England. 3d—1 mile, between William Lane, Richard Hixon, Henry Cane, and George Douglass, the Boston Youth. 4th—Half mile, between James Haley, the Boston Reindeer; Frenchy, the Boston Boy; Joe Young; and George Dowling, the Roxbury Deer. Several other novelties will take place to amuse the spectators. Massachusetts is becoming herself again.

GREAT COUNTRY.—For inventions, &c., America is decidedly a great country. Our friend, Dr. Gouraud, whose popularity is not confined to this country alone, but extends to every quarter of the globe, has made for himself fame and fortune by introducing to the public his celebrated Italian Medicated Soap, which not only clears the complexion, but also removes chaps, chafes, pimples, freckles, and all other disfigurements of the skin. In the article of Hair Dye, that manufactured by Dr. Gouraud seems to give the greatest satisfaction, inasmuch as it changes light, red, or grey hair to a beautiful brown or jet black, without in the least injuring or staining the skin. In the Perfumery Department a fine assortment is always on hand. The above articles, with many others of equal value, may be had of Dr. Gouraud, No. 67 Walker street, first store from Broadway; also of T. R. Callendar, 88 South Third street, Philadelphia, and of J. B. Bates, 129 Washington street, Boston.

BRYANTS' MINSTRELS,

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RULES FOR SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

UNDER this head will be published, from week to week, the various laws by which Sports of the Turf, the Field, &c., &c., are governed. We commence in this issue

NO. I.

THE LAWS OF CRICKET,

AS REVISED BY THE MARY-LE-BONE CRICKET CLUB, MAY 15, 1854.

1. The BALL must weigh not less than five ounces and a half, nor more than five ounces and three quarters. It must measure not less than nine inches, nor more than nine inches and one quarter in circumference. At the beginning of each innings, either party may call for a new ball.

2. The BAT must not exceed four inches and one quarter in the widest part; it must not be more than thirty-eight inches in length.

3. The STUMPS must be three in number; twenty-seven inches out of the ground; the Bails eight inches in length; the Stumps of equal and of sufficient thickness to prevent the ball from passing through.

4. The BOWLING CREASE must be in a line with the Stumps; six feet eight inches in length; the Stumps in the centre; with a return crease at each end towards the Bowler at right angles.

5. The POPPING CREASE must be four feet from the Wicket, and parallel to it; unlimited in length, but not shorter than the Bowling Crease.

6. The Wickets must be pitched opposite to each other by the Umpires, at the distance of twenty-two yards.

7. It shall not be lawful for either party during a match, without the consent of the other, to alter the ground by rolling, watering, covering, mowing, or beating, except at the commencent of each innings, when the ground may be swept and rolled at the request of either party; such request to made to one of the Umpires within one minute afafter the conclusion of the former innings. This rule is not meant to prevent the striker from beating the ground with his bat near to the spot where he stands during the innings, nor to prevent the bowler from filling up holes with sawdust, &c., when the ground is wet.

8. After rain the wickets may be changed with the consent of both parties.

9. The BOWLER shall deliver the ball with one foot on the ground behind the bowling crease, and within the return crease; and shall bowl four balls before he change Wickets, which he shall be permitted to do only once in the same innings.

10. The Ball must be bowled, not thrown or jerked, and the hand must not be above the shoulder in delivery; and whenever the bowler shall so closely infringe on this rule in either of the above particulars as to make it difficult for the Umpire at the Bowler's wicket to judge whether the ball has been delivered within the true intent and meaning of this rule or not, the Umpire shall call "No Ball."

11. He may require the Striker at the wicket from which he is bowling to stand on that side of it which he may direct.

12. If the Bowler shall toss the ball over the Striker's head, or bowl it so wide that in the opinion of the Umpire it shall not be fairly within the reach of the batsman, he shall adjudge one run to the party receiving the innings, either with or without an appeal, which shall be put down to the score of Wide Balls; such ball shall not be reckoned as one of the four balls; but if the Batsman shall by any means bring himself within the reach of the ball, the run shall not be adjudged.

13. If the Bowler deliver a "No Ball" or a "Wide Ball," the Striker shall be allowed as many runs as he can get, and he shall not be put out except by running out. In the event of no run being obtained by any other means, then one run shall be added to the score of "No Balls" or "Wide Balls," as the case may be. All runs obtained for "Wide Balls" to be scored to "Wide Balls." The names of the Bowlers who bowl "Wide Balls" or "No Balls" in future to be placed on the score, to show the parties by whom either score is made. If the ball shall first touch any part of the Striker's dress or person (except his hands,) the Umpire shall call "Leg Bye."

14. At the beginning of each innings the Umpire shall call "Play;" from that time to the end of each innings no trial ball shall be allowed to any Bowler.

15. The Striker is out if either of the bails be bowled off, or if a stump be bowled out of the ground;

16. Or, if the ball, from the stroke of the bat, or hand, but not the be held before it touch the ground, although it be hugged to the body of the catcher;

17. Or, if in striking, or at any other time while the ball shall be in play, both his feet shall be over the popping crease, and his wicket put down, except his bat be grounded within it;

18. Or, if in striking at the ball he hit down his wicket;

19. Or, if under pretence of running, or otherwise, either of the Strikers prevent a ball from being caught, the striker of the ball is out;

20. Or, if the ball be struck, and he wilfully strike it again;

21. Or, if in running, the wicket be struck down by a throw, or by the hand or arm, (with ball in hand,) before his bat (in hand) or some part of his person be grounded over the popping crease. But if both bails be off, a stump must be struck out of the ground;

22. Or, if any part of the Striker's dress knock down the wicket;

23. Or, if the Striker touch or take up the ball while in play, unless at the request of the opposite party;

24. Or, if with any part of his person he stop the ball, which, in the opinion of the Umpire at the Bowler's wicket, shall have been pitched in a straight line from it to the Striker's wicket, and would have hit it.

25. If the players have crossed each other, he that runs for the wicket which is put down is out.

26. A ball being caught, no run shall be reckoned.

27. A Striker being run out, that run which he and his partner were attempting shall not be reckoned.

28. If a lost ball be called, the Striker shall be allowed six runs; but if more than six shall have been run before lost ball shall have been called, then the Striker shall have all which have been run.

29. After the ball shall have been finally settled in the Wicket-keeper's or Bowler's hand, it shall be considered dead; but when the Bowler is about to deliver the ball, if the Striker at his wicket go outside the popping crease before such actual delivery, the said Bowler may put him out, unless (with reference to the 21st law) his bat in hand, or some part of his person be within the popping crease.

30. The Striker shall not retire from his wicket and return to it to complete his innings, after another has been in, without the consent of the opposite party.

31. No substitute shall in any case be allowed to stand out or run between wickets for another person, without the consent of the opposite party; and in case any person shall be allowed to run for another, the Striker shall be out if either he or his substitute be off the ground in manner mentioned in Laws 17 and 21, while the ball is in play.

32. In all cases where a substitute shall be allowed, the consent of the opposite party shall also be obtained as to the person to act as substitute, and the place in the field which he shall take.

33. If any Fieldsman stop the ball with his hat, the ball shall be considered dead, and the opposite party shall add five runs to their score; if any be run they shall have five in all.

34. The ball having been hit, the Striker may guard his wicket with his bat or any part of his body except his hands, that the 23d Law may not be disobeyed.

35. The Wicket-keeper shall not take the ball for the purpose of stumping, until it has passed the wicket; he shall not by any noise incommode the Striker; and if any part of his person be over or before the wicket, although the ball hit it, the Striker shall not be out.

36. The Umpires are the sole judges of fair and unfair play; and all disputes shall be determined by them, each at his own wicket; but in case of a catch which the Umpire at the wicket bowled from cannot see sufficiently to decide upon, he may apply to the other Umpire, whose opinion shall be conclusive.

37. The Umpires in all matches shall pitch fair wickets, and the parties shall toss up for choice of innings. The Umpires shall change wickets after each party has had one innings.

38. They shall allow two minutes for each Striker to come in, and ten minutes between each innings. When the Umpire shall call "Play," the parties refusing to play shall lose the match.

39. They are not to order a Striker out unless appealed to by the adversaries;

40. But if one of the Bowler's feet be not on the ground behind the bowling crease and within the return crease when he shall deliver the ball, the Umpire at his wicket, unasked, must call "No Ball."

41. If either of the Strikers run a short run, the Umpire must call "One Short."

42. No Umpire shall be allowed to bet.

43. No Umpire is to be changed during a match, unless with the consent of both parties, except in case of violation of 42d law; then either party may dismiss the transgressor.

44. After the delivery of four balls the Umpire must call "Over," but not until the ball shall be finally settled in the Wicket Keeper's or Bowler's hand; the ball shall then be considered dead; nevertheless, if an idea be entertained that either of the Strikers is out, a question may be put previously to, but not after, the delivery of the next ball.

45. The Umpire must take especial care to call "No Ball" instantly upon delivery: "Wide Ball" as soon as it shall pass the Striker.

46. The players who go in second shall follow their innings, if they have obtained 80 runs less than their antagonists, except in matches limited to only one day's play, when the number shall be 60 instead of 80.

47. When one of the Strikers shall have been put out, the use of the bat shall not be allowed to any person until the next Striker shall come in.

THE LAWS OF SINGLE WICKET.

I. When there shall be less than five Players on a side, Bounds shall be placed twenty-two yards each in a line from the off and leg stump.

II. The ball must be hit before the Bounds to entitle the Striker to a run, which run cannot be obtained unless he touch the bowling stump or crease in a line with his bat, or some part of his person, or go beyond them, returning to the popping crease as at double wicket, according to the 21st law.

III. When the Striker shall hit the ball, one of his feet must be on the ground, and behind the popping crease, otherwise the Umpire shall call "No Hit."

IV. When there shall be less than five Players on a side, neither Byes nor Overthrows shall be allowed, nor shall the Striker be caught out behind the wicket, nor stumped out.

V. The Fieldsman must return the ball so that it shall cross the play between the wicket and bowling stump, or between the bowling stump and the bounds; the striker may run until the ball be so returned.

VI. After the Striker shall have made one run, if he start again he must touch the bowling stump, and turn before the ball cross the play to entitle him to another.

VII. The Striker shall be entitled to three runs for lost ball, and the same number for ball stopped with hat, with reference to 28th and 33d law of Double Wicket.

VIII. When there shall be more than four Players on a side there shall be no bounds. All Hits, Byes, and Overthrows shall be allowed.

IX. The Bowler is subject to the same laws as at Double Wicket.

X. Not more than one minute shall be allowed between each ball.

BETS.

I. No bet upon any match is payable unless it be played out or given up.

II. If the runs of one player be betted against those of another, the bet depends upon the first innings, unless otherwise specified.

III. If the bet be made on both innings, and one party beat the other in one innings, the runs of the first innings shall determine it.

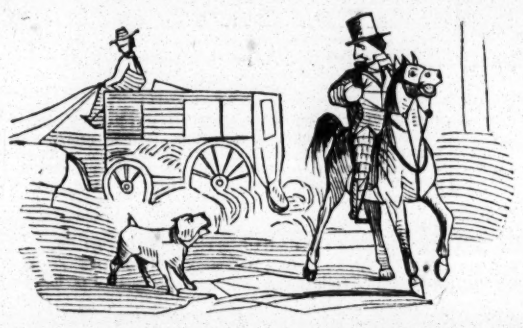
IV. If the other party go in a second time, then the bet must be determined by the number on the score

A RACE UP BROADWAY.

EFFECTS OF MR. TEN BROECK'S VISIT TO ENGLAND.

EVER since the announcement was made in the CLIPPER that Mr. Ten Broeck had arrived in England with his stable, for the purpose of taking down the "fast nags" of the British turf, "horse talk" and "horse doings" have been uppermost in the minds of the fast young men of both "town and country." Tom Struthers, a country blade, and whose paternal parent has lots of rocks, took it into his head to purchase a "thoroughbred racer," but not being very well posted in the many points of a horse, seems to have got stuck by some of our "city fellers." Tom took his horse to his rural retreat, where he behaved uncommonly well, and Tom flattered himself that he had got an "animal as was an animal." Struthers had so improved in the management of the noble steed, that he thought he would take a trip to York, and show the good folk of the Broadway the ease and grace with which a "blood horse" could be controlled when in the "hands of men entirely great." Tom and his bit of horseflesh arrived in the great metropolis, and, after a few days' repose, the pair turned out for an airing. What befel the adventurous Struthers, will be found fully described below:

Mr. Struthers mounts his barb, and strikes a bee-line for Broadway. He has a slight notion that the city pavements are not quite the thing for thorough-breds—thinks his beast hasn't got rid of all his city tricks yet, and tries to curb.



Just as he gets him settled down to a "beautiful pace," and is watching the effects of his *manege* upon the Broadway swells, his horse "kinder rares," one of Jake Roome's dogs having made a "sort of pass at him."

Tom tries to "hold him in," but its no go; the steed "starts from the jump," and "lays his course" up Broadway, followed by Jake's dog, and a host of idlers. The horse going "butiful." Dog ditto. Tom "kinder scared."

On reaching Bond street, the crowd is joined by a number of individuals who had been watching the house where Dr. Burdell was murdered. The smell of blood gives a fresh impetus to the speed of the blood horse as well as to that of the blood hound on his track. The "Boquet Man" offers Tom a boquet for $2.00.

Struthers exhibits some extraordinary feats in ground and lofty tumbling. Mrs. Doddridge was standing beside her orange cart, at the corner of Great Jones street; Tom cried "look out," but, before the unhappy Doddridge had time to respond, the thoroughbred "took" the whole concern magnificently, the dog following suit, and Mrs. Doddridge having a most splendid view of the entire performance.

Struthers thinks the horse has had things his own way long enough, but, as Jerry Bryant says, the steed thinks "otherwise," and keeps up the pace; Jake's dog continuing the chase, and making a "pretty near thing of it." Johannes Hollenschlager, keeper of a "restauracion" in that neighborhood, imagines the horse a runaway, and tries to stop him by levelling a lager-bier cask at him; he misses the horse, but slightly grazes the hind quarters of Jake's dog. [*Mem* for Jake—Hollenschlager; Dutch; lager-bier; will see him after the sport is over.]

How far this exciting and novel race might have continued, we are not prepared to state—probably a hundred miles; but just as the "cavalcade" was nearing the junction of Broadway and the Bowery, an omnibus hove in sight, directly in the track of the contending quadrupeds—for the horse to have deviated a hair-breadth from his course would have given the dog an advantage. Tom resolved on leaping "the cussed thing," and let the horse "go through," but Tom was too fast for the quadruped, and instead of "lighting" on his steed again, as he had calculated, he "lit on his own head," while the horse was thrown by becoming entangled in Tom's "running rear." The dog refused to take advantage of his prostrate foe, and so "let him slide."

On being picked up, Struthers was found to have slightly dislocated his jugular vein, and other vital parts, and was borne to the bosom of his bereaved family, on a chip.

POOR JOCKO.

A gentleman writing from Paris to the New Orleans Picayune, says: "The necrological list of the week records the decease of one dear to all French hearts—the solace of wet Sundays in Paris—the daylight of bright days—the never-failing source of laughter—the baboon of the Garden of Plants! Pulmonary consumption, which has carried so many geniuses to an untimely grave, has ended the baboon's life. It reached Paris in 1852, and until three months before its death, was remarkable for its good nature. It would obey its keeper with alacrity, and would hang around his neck like a child. Three months before it died its character changed entirely: it was strong enough to overmatch four men. All monkeys become irritable and vicious as they grow old; and during the last six months of this baboon's life, the keeper was obliged to be constantly on the watch, its attacks of frenzy were so sudden and terrible. Before it fell sick it devoured everything greedily, but during the last three months of its life it became capricious; sometimes it would eat nothing but biscuit, then it required oranges, pomegranates, chickens, and, towards the last, it could scarcely be made to touch anything. It is said that at its death the 'canine teeth' began to appear. When it died it had not a single hair left on its body; during its last sickness it amused itself in twisting several hairs together and pulling them out, then it swallowed them. This is the first time a baboon has lived more than one summer in any menagarie—so, at least, they say here; and the longevity which this attained is attributed to the care of his keeper, and to the precaution used of keeping it with the other monkeys. It is not good for —— monkeys to live alone!

UNCLE BILLY'S STORY.

IT is an old saying that a story does not lose much by being often told, but Uncle Billy's story seems to have proved an exception to this rule, as the following will show:

Some years ago there was an old gentleman living in Kentucky, by the name of Brown, familiarly known as "Uncle Billy." Being particularly partial to "Old Bourbon," he was usually found in the immediate vicinity of where it was kept. One day, some one told Uncle Billy the old story of the Kilkenny cats. It was the first time he had ever heard it; and thinking it "amazingly rich," he posted off to a tavern to tell it, laughing all the way as he went. Stepping in, he announced to various cronies there assembled, that he had just heard the best story in the world. Clustering around, they all pressed him to begin; but it was some time before Uncle Billy could repress his *risibles* sufficiently to attempt the story. Finally, after exciting their curiosity to the utmost by his provoking delay, he told it thus:

"Once there were two cats got to fighting in Ireland, and *they bit off the end of each other's tails.*"

"Well," said half a dozen in a breath, "*is that all?*"

Uncle Billy had been imbibing pretty freely. His mind was *slightly tangled.* Hanging his head a moment, in drunken gravity, as if trying to catch the *gist* of the thing, he raised it, and said,

"Well, boys, it does look kinder poor *now, but it was mighty rich when I first heard it.*"

HEALTH AND BEAUTY IN WOMEN.

"At eighteen," said a foreigner, "a young American woman is the prettiest in the world; but at thirty, *mon Dieu*, she is already old and ugly." Though there were some of a Frenchman's exaggerations in the remark, there was also a substance of truth. Why is it that the beauty of our females fades so soon? Or, to go at once to the real issue, for beauty is only permanent where there is health, why is it that our women, as compared with the women of other temperate climates, are so delicate and fragile?

The answer may be made in a few words—*it is because they neglect air and exercise.* Weakness, lassitude and a fading complexion as inevitably follow indolence and confinement as the wilting of a plant results from its deprivation of light. It is a law of our existence that we must take daily exercise if we would continue health. It is a fact in physiology that a pure atmosphere is indispensable to a vigorous vitality. All the refinement of civilization, all the resources of science have failed to supply a substitute for fresh air and exercise. The poor and rich stand on the same platform in reference to the necessity of our nature. The lady in silks and satins can buy no cosmetic so efficacious as the sunshine and breeze which are poured out at the very door-step of her humble sister.

THE MODEST DUN.—Ned Roundy left a demand with a lawyer for collection, with directions to have a letter sent before any suit was commenced. "What shall I write about it?" said the lawyer. To which Ned replied, "why, your honor will please begin a little moderate in the matter, just calling him an accursed spalpeen and negligent puppy, and so cooming on sharper tiln ye reach to the bottom of the chapter."

A NEW-FASHIONED INCUBATOR.—A good joke, says the Syracuse *Standard*, is related of Miss G., a laughing, loving, good-natured lass, who was spending the afternoon with a neighbor, and during supper the conversation turned on hens eggs, &c. During which Miss G. observed, "that their hens did not lay scarcely any eggs, and that she could not tell the reason." "Why," observed Mr. P., "my hens lay very well, I go out among them almost every day, and *get eggs.*" "My gracious?" was the instant rejoinder; "I wish you would come over to our house, and run with our hens a-spell, I'm sure father would pay you well for your trouble." She'll do.

SHARP PRACTICE.—Georgia, says a Savannah paper, is noted for good rifle shots, but we think that Savannah in particular can boast of pretty fair talent in this line of ready reckoning.

Yesterday four gentlemen drove out to Bonaventura, each took five shots at a strip of paper one foot long and two inches wide, and with rifles, to shoot at the word, each put his five shots handsomely in the centre line of the above mark. The distance was twenty paces.

It does not, 'tis true, sound anything like a great feat, but, nevertheless, another city of the same size as this may find a difficulty in getting four gentlemen to do the same. Just try it.

DANCING IN A CHURCH.—Patrick Moran, having purchased the old Methodist Church, in Bangor, has converted it into a dance-house, with the usual accompaniment of a liquor bar! The counter of the bar is made of the panel work of the old pews, the floor of the dancing hall of pew backs, and the pulpit is converted into a fiddler's orchestra. With a genius for turning everything to account, Moran has had three waistcoats manufactured of the crimson plush which covered the pulpit cushion, one of which he wears to "face a frowning world."

[*Bangor Journal.*

MR. TEN BROECK ASTONISHING THE NATIVES.—This celebrated turfman conducted, recently, in a light carriage, eight horses, two abreast, at a rapid rate, up and down the narrow, slippery streets of Florence, in a manner that so affrighted the police, that they waited upon him with a prohibition to limit himself for the future to four horses, as royalty itself never aspired to more than six, even with the aid of postillions.

NEW TROTTING COURSE.—Union Trotting Course, near Hollywood, is the name of a new and beautiful Trotting Course, now almost finished. It is situated in a beautiful and level place, surrounded by fine shady trees and beautiful scenery. It is gotten up by Mr. Miller, the gentlemanly proprietor, who has spared neither pains nor expense in carrying out his designs, which, as soon as completed, will make it compare with any Course, North or South. Mr. Miller is now erecting his various buildings, and in a very short time will be ready to receive and take charge of any number of horses and colts for training, his experience as a trainer being thoroughly established. Mr. M. was the trainer of the celebrated trotting horse, "Col. Russel," whose speed and gentleness have won for him great renown. We are pleased to hear, also, that there will be a separate place for all ladies who may desire to witness the performances apart from the crowd. The Union Course is a very pleasant and delightful drive from the city, and will repay any one to ride or drive out to see it.—[*Richmond (Va.) Daily Dispatch.*

OFF FOR BUFFALO.—We learn that United States Co., No. 25, intend visiting Buffalo and Detroit, in July next.

FIRE ENGINE PERFORMANCE.—In Lee, on the 11th inst., says the Boston Herald, the Water Witch engine company played over the top of a pole 182 feet high, with 200 feet of hose.

TRIAL OF FIRE ENGINES AT SOUTH BOSTON.—There was a large crowd of people at South Boston Point on the 17th, to witness the friendly trial for superiority between Mazeppa No. 1, and Perkins No. 2. There were many firemen present, from Dorchester, Roxbury, Boston proper, and Cambridge, and much interest was manifested in the result. Messrs. James Chambers, S. S. Lord, James Wood, J. S. Damrell and Wm. E. Brown, acted as judges, and decided No. 2 was victor on the first trials, and in the last trials No. 1 was triumphant, making about an even thing of it.

DANCING CHALLENGE ACCEPTED.—Toronto, April 21, 1857.—In reply to George Brownlee's challenge in the CLIPPER of April 11th, to dance me, I answer by accepting it. I will meet him at the Canadian House, corner of York and Queen streets. J. T. PELLS.